

"INVASION, U.S.A."

INVASION

Screenplay by

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Story by

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ca

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN OFF FLORIDA COAST - NIGHT

1

A DILAPIDATED OLD SAILBOAT drifts aimlessly on the oily black swells. Its stained sail hangs in tatters and WE HEAR the starter grinding hopelessly.

ANGLE ON DECK

which is crammed with TWENTY CUBAN REFUGEES: MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN and OLD PEOPLE. Their clothes are worn and torn, and stained with salt. The deck is awash.

A MOTHER tries to comfort her crying BABY.

AN OLD WOMAN holds a YOUNG GIRL in her arms who is sweating and shaking with a high fever.

A SICK OLD MAN lifts a plastic water bottle to take a drink. The bottle contains only one swallow. He forsakes his turn and hands the bottle to a YOUNG BOY leaning against the mast. THE BOY gulps the water gratefully.

EVERYONE stares back towards the engine compartment forlornly. The engine is their last hope. The starter still grinds, weaker now.

YOUNG BOY

(in Spanish)

(How much farther is it to Florida?)

SICK OLD MAN

(in Spanish)

(Not too far now...Just over the horizon.)

THE YOUNG BOY glances back at the grinding engine.

YOUNG BOY

(We will make it...won't we?)

OLD MAN

(God will show us the way.)

YOUNG BOY

(If the Americans catch us, will they send us back to Cuba?)

The OLD MAN smiles weakly.

YOUNG BOY

(What will happen to us then?)

OLD MAN

(after a thoughtful pause)
(The Americans won't catch us.)

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

ANGLE ON ENGINE COMPARTMENT

as THE CAPTAIN, a short stocky man with wild iron-gray hair, tries to start the engine. He is smeared with oil and grease.

He finishes tinkering with some wiring, then tries the starter again. It grinds weakly for an instant, then dies. He tries again. Nothing.

THE CAPTAIN stands and looks at the anxious faces. He shakes his head "no".

A YOUNG WOMAN

starts to cry and her husband tries to comfort her, hugging her and their child.

A YOUNG MAN

crosses himself. He closes his eyes and begins to pray, moving his lips silently.

AN OLD WOMAN

begins to finger her rosary beads and mutter a "Hail Mary".

THE YOUNG BOY

leans against the mast. He looks up and stares ahead. He sees something in the distance.

BOY'S POV - THE LIGHTS OF A BOAT

can be seen in the distance.

THE BOY

peers into the night.

BOY

(in Spanish)

(Look!...There! A boat!...A boat!
Hey! Over here!...Over here!)

He tears off his tattered white shirt and starts waving it wildly above his head.

THE REFUGEES

are confused. Is THE BOY crazy?

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

Then a few people see the lights. One after another they start shouting and waving anything they can get their hands on.

THE BOAT

turns and definitely steams towards the sailboat.

ANGLE ON RESCUE BOAT - U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER

as it closes with the sailboat. American flag waving bravely beneath a spotlight on the stern.

ANGLE ON REFUGEES

as they recognize the cutter and freeze apprehensively. Will they be sent back?

THE CAPTAIN

stands in the bow looking like he just stepped out of a Coast Guard recruiting poster.

KURT and TOMAS stand beside him, manning the M-60 machinegun mounted in the bow. NIKKO and KOYO are also on deck, armed with M-16s.

ANGLE ON REFUGEES

watching the CAPTAIN fearfully, their fate hanging in the balance.

ANGLE ON CAPTAIN

as he smiles broadly.

THE REFUGEES

cheer wildly. Many begin to cry for joy and hug each other ecstatically.

THE CREWMEN

throw lines to the waiting refugees and the vessels are pulled close together.

THE CAPTAIN

smiles at the REFUGEES clamoring towards the cutter.

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

CAPTAIN

Bienvenido a Los Estados Unidos!

ANGLE ON REFUGEES

as they look around, choosing the first to be saved.
SEVERAL MEN lift the SICK OLD MAN and carry him through
the crowd towards the cutter.

THE SICK OLD MAN

is lifted towards the launch deck by the REFUGEES. Tears
of happiness stream down his weathered cheeks. THE CAPTAIN
reaches down towards him with his left hand.

OLD MAN

Gracias...Gracias...

THE CAPTAIN grabs his hand and starts to pull him up.
THE CAPTAIN is smiling. THE CAPTAIN presses the muzzle
of his .45 to the side of the OLD MAN's head and pulls
the trigger as he releases his hand. The OLD MAN is
catapulted back into the sailboat, bowling over some
REFUGEES.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

as the CREWMEN open up on the REFUGEES with pistols,
submachineguns and the M-60.

THE REFUGEES are cut to pieces in an instant. Not one
is spared. Not one has time to realize what is happening.

CAPTAIN

(in Russian)

(Enough.)

All but KOYO stop firing. He keeps raking those already
dead with detached mechanical precision.

CAPTAIN

Nikko!

NIKKO knocks KOYO's gun aside. KOYO glares at him,
but NIKKO ignores him and goes quickly below deck.

KURT's forehead is shining with sweat and his eyes are
wild as he starts to pop some Speed. THE CAPTAIN grabs
his wrist and forces him to drop the Speed into the water.

CAPTAIN

(in German)

(When you work for me, you work clean,
or you don't work at all.)

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

KURT seems as if he might challenge the CAPTAIN, but then backs down.

CASTILLO

a frightened fat man in a once impeccable, but now stained and wrinkled suit, is ushered out onto the foredeck by NIKKO. His hands are bound behind his back. He stares in horror at the carnage on the sailboat.

CASTILLO (sobbing)

Madre de Dios!

CAPTAIN

(in Spanish)

(Where is it?)

ANGLE ON REFUGEE BOAT

as the CAPTAIN jumps down into it, followed by KOYO and TOMAS.

They walk among the dead and dying, killing the wounded coldly.

TOMAS

finds a PRETTY YOUNG GIRL who is only slightly wounded. He leans down to caress her and WE SEE the lust on his face. THE CAPTAIN walks past and nonchalantly shoots the girl.

KOYO AND KURT

throw several bodies overboard and start to tear up the decking with crowbars, revealing a HUGE STASH OF COCAINE hidden beneath the deck.

THE COCAINE

is loaded into a number of large military duffle bags and carried back to the launch under the watchful eye of THE CAPTAIN.

KURT

douses the deck of the sailboat with gasoline.

CASTILLO

is thrown down to the gas-soaked deck by NIKKO.

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

KOYO

cuts the lines holding the boat together and the launch starts to pull away.

CASTILLO

tries to get up, but is hampered by his tied hands. He manages to struggle to his knees, terrified. He's in a terrible dilemma: To be burned, or drowned trying to swim with his hands tied.

CASTILLO

(in Spanish)

(Nooo!...You promised!...
You promised!)

He tries to throw himself over the side, but falls.

THE LAUNCH

pulls away and CASTILLO's screams fade.

THE CAPTAIN,

MIKAL ROSTOV, coldly raises a flare pistol and fires at the sailboat in the distance.

THE SAILBOAT

erupts into flames as the flare hits the gas-soaked deck. It explodes spectacularly a beat later.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - RESTRICTED PIER- NIGHT

2

ON COAST GUARD CUTTER

tied up to the pier under the glare of a dozen spotlights. TWELVE CIVILIAN AMBULANCES and FIVE MIAMI POLICE CARS are scattered on the pier next to the CUTTER, multi-colored lights flashing. FIVE NEWS VEHICLES of varying sizes and descriptions fill out the scene along with several COAST GUARD VEHICLES.

The AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS are standing in groups near their vehicles, talking among themselves.

SIX COAST GUARD OFFICERS are gathered in a somber group away from the others. FOUR UNIFORMED POLICEMEN are on guard around the gangplank, keeping HALF A DOZEN NOISY TV CREWS and NEWSPAPER REPORTERS away from the ship.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON GOVERNMENT SEDAN

as it moves down the pier and weaves through the maze of AMBULANCES, POLICE CARS and NEWS VEHICLES towards the ship. It carries THREE MEN.

ANGLE ON SEDAN

as CASSIDY, a quietly confident burly man with glasses steps out of the front passenger door.

HARPER AND JOHNSTON, two younger, almost stereotypical F.B.I. AGENTS. exit the SEDAN and move with CASSIDY towards the ship.

ANGLE ON CASSIDY

as he nears the gangplank and A POLICEMAN steps out to stop him.

CASSIDY
(flashing I.D.)
Cassidy. F.B.I.

He moves past the POLICEMAN without waiting for his reply, followed by HARPER and JOHNSTON.

POLICEMAN
(yelling to Lieutenant)
Lieutenant! They're here!

ANGLE ON LIEUTENANT TOM GREEN,

a harried-looking veteran cop who is talking with TWO DETECTIVES nearby, as he turns towards the POLICEMAN.

The POLICEMAN points at CASSIDY and the others and GREEN hurries after them.

ANGLE ON CASSIDY

as GREEN catches up to him.

CASSIDY
You in charge?

GREEN
Yeah. Lieutenant Tom Green. Homicide.

CASSIDY
What happened?

GREEN
Fishing trawler found her floating off Boca Raton a couple a hours ago. The tugs just pulled her in.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CASSIDY
Who's been on board?

GREEN
Half a dozen of my men, some Coast
Guard brass...and a reporter.

CASSIDY gives GREEN a searing look.

GREEN
She got here before we did.

CASSIDY
She touch anything?

GREEN
I don't think so.

CASSIDY
Where is she?

GREEN
Over there.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE,

an attractive photojournalist who is yelling at the
TWO POLICEMEN who are trying to keep her separated
from the others.

MCGUIRE
Goddammit! Either arrest me or let
me go!

ANGLE ON CASSIDY

CASSIDY
(to Harper and Johnston)
Check her out.

HARPER and JOHNSTON move towards MCGUIRE and the TWO
POLICEMEN.

CASSIDY and GREEN step past the FOUR POLICEMEN and start
up the gangplank.

CASSIDY
Any witnesses?

GREEN
No. The Coast Guard says the ship
was on routine smuggling prevention
patrol off the Keys near Cuba the
last time they made radio contact.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she glares at HARPER, who is checking her PRESS CARD and I.D.

MCGUIRE

Look, these two bozos have been
holding me for almost an hour while
those bastards
(motions at reporters)
have been scooping me on the story...

HARPER

(interrupting)
Who do you work for, Ms. McGuire?

MCGUIRE

I work for me. What's it to you?

JOHNSTON

How'd you get here before the police?

MCGUIRE

I drive faster. I've got a police
band radio. Is that illegal?

HARPER

(hands back press card)
You realize, of course, that you
had no authority to board...

MCGUIRE

(interrupting)
I was covering a story.

JOHNSTON

(holding up her camera)
Did you take any photographs?

MCGUIRE

Jesus Christ, of course I took "photographs".
That's how I make my living!

JOHNSTON starts to rewind the film.

MCGUIRE

Hey! You can't do that!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She starts towards JOHNSTON, but the TWO POLICEMEN block the way.

HARPER
We're gonna forget the trespassing
for now, but we'll have to take a look
at your film.

JOHNSTON hands her the camera.

MCGUIRE
Didn't you bastards ever hear of the
First Amendment?

ANGLE ON CASSIDY AND GREEN

as they stop in front of a heavy bulkhead door.

GREEN
This is it.

CASSIDY grabs the latch and swings the door open.

CLOSE ON CASSIDY

as he reacts for the first time to the magnitude and
horror of the crime.

CASSIDY'S POV - THE GALLEY

where THE CAPTAIN and TWENTY CREWMEN lie dead. Their
hands are tied behind their backs and their feet are
bound. They have all been shot in the head, execution
style.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

3

AIRBOAT POV

as the airboat races through the EVERGLADES. WE SEE
all the beauty of the area: thousands of birds
taking flight as the boat passes, trees, reeds, etc.

ANGLE ON MATT HUNTER

a bearded, athletic man at the controls of the boat.
He is completely at home in this wild environment.

ANGLE ON AIRBOAT

as it races along.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

ANGLE ON ALLIGATOR

basking in the sun as MATT's AIRBOAT passes by in the b.g.

TALL REEDS

waving in the breeze fill the FRAME. JOHN EAGLE, a vigorous, feisty, white-haired SEMINOLE INDIAN in his sixties, suddenly bursts through the reeds, splashing through the murky black six-inch deep water.

ANGLE ON HUGE ALLIGATOR

moving quickly through the reeds after JOHN.

JOHN

hits a soft spot and his leg sinks up to the knee in the mud. He struggles to free it, but can't.

THE ALLIGATOR

closes in.

ANGLE ON JOHN AND THE ALLIGATOR

as it is about to get him. Its jaws open wide and it snarls angrily. JOHN is trapped!

ANGLE ON MATT

as he steps out of the reeds and drops a lasso over the ALLIGATOR's jaws. He pulls the lasso tight, straining with effort as he forces the ALLIGATOR's jaws shut.

JOHN

breathes a sigh of relief.

JOHN

You know what? This Tonto crap is bullshit! From now on I'll do the roping.

MATT

Just wanted to see how fast you could run.

JOHN

(struggling to free his leg)
Listen, hot shot. In a minute I'll show you how fast I can run your ass right out of this swamp.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

THE ALLIGATOR

breaks the rope holding its jaws! MATT has his back to it.

JOHN

Oh, shit!

He tries to free his leg, but it's stuck tight.

THE ALLIGATOR

lunges at MATT. MATT jumps aside, dodges its next attack, and JUMPS ON ITS BACK.

MATT wrestles with the ALLIGATOR as JOHN works to free his leg.

MATT

finally manages to flip the ALLIGATOR over on its back, immobilizing it. He holds its jaws shut with his hands.

ANGLE ON JOHN

still trying to free his leg.

ANGLE ON MATT

as the ALLIGATOR continues to struggle and MATT has a hard time keeping its jaws shut.

MATT

Think you could hurry it up a bit?

ANGLE ON ALLIGATOR

as JOHN wraps a length of heavy guage steel wire around its jaws to keep them shut.

MATT

sits up, exhausted and covered with mud from head to toe and looks at JOHN.

MATT

Is this the way your grandfather used to do it?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JOHN

Are you kiddin'? The only way my
grandfather wouldn've touched that
is if it came in the shape of a matched
set of luggage.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. SLEAZY HOTEL - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

4

ROSTOV

moves down the sidewalk and enters the dilapidated,
run-down building carrying a briefcase.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL - DAY - ON STAIR WAY

as ROSTOV moves up the creaking stairs past mounds of
rotting trash and debris.

A SWEATING POTBELLIED MAN in stained undershirt lurches
down the stairs. He is pursued by a MIDDLE-AGED
HOOKER, in a tattered robe.

HOOKER

(in Spanish)

(Ad lib swearing at the "John".)

They almost collide with ROSTOV as they charge past.
The MAN dodges as the HOOKER throws his shoes at him.

CUT TO:

6 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL - TOP FLOOR HALL - DAY

TWO BODYGUARDS stationed outside a door, watch ROSTOV warily as he approaches. In the b.g. WE SEE HOOKERS and JOHNS coming and going.

ROSTOV opens his jacket and one BODYGUARD frisks him quickly but expertly, and finds nothing.

THE SECOND BODYGUARD opens the BRIEFCASE

SECOND BODYGUARD's POV - THE BRIEFCASE

contains a large quantity of cocaine in thick plastic bags.

THE SECOND BODYGUARD

hands ROSTOV the briefcase. He wraps twice on the door, then opens it, and ushers ROSTOV inside.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

7

MICKEY

a seedy but tough-looking man, seated with his feet up on an old table, watches ROSTOV enter with ONE of the BODYGUARDS. MICKEY has a .45 automatic stuck in his belt.

A worn looking YOUNG WOMAN leans against the wall behind him, next to a large, grimy window, with a 3/4 drawn, moldy, yellowed shade.

MICKEY

Okay. Impress me.

ROSTOV opens the briefcase, revealing the coke. MICKEY nods at the BODYGUARD.

THE BODYGUARD picks up the phone and starts to dial as MICKEY and ROSTOV tensely check each other out. ROSTOV smiles.

The BODYGUARD hands MICKEY the phone.

MICKEY

(to bodyguard)

Outside.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The BODYGUARD exits, closing the door behind him.

MICKEY
(into phone)
All right. We're ready to rock
and roll here. Put the Greaser on.

MICKEY hands the phone to ROSTOV. The two men never
take their eyes off each other.

CUT TO:

8 INT. LARGE, RUN-DOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

8

THE FIRST THUG

hands the phone to NIKKO. In the background, WE SEE
THREE ARMED THUGS facing TOMAS, KOYO and crew.

Behind them are a huge number of open crates containing
M-16's, grenades, LAW's, C-4 plastic explosives, sub-
machineguns, bazookas and mortars.

NIKKO
(into phone)
It's all here.

NIKKO hands the phone back to the FIRST THUG.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

9

ROSTOV

hands the phone to MICKEY.

MICKEY opens a bag and dumps some of the cocaine onto
a mirror lying on a table. He tastes it.

MICKEY
(to woman)
Go for it, babe.

The WOMAN leans over the mirror and uses a gold razor
blade to separate a line.

MICKEY
(into phone)
Let 'em have it.

The WOMAN starts snorting up the line with a gold straw.

MICKEY stands up, extending his hand.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MICKEY
It's a real pleasure doin' business
with you.

ROSTOV hesitates a beat.

ROSTOV
The pleasure is mine.

ROSTOV strikes the back of the WOMAN's head driving
the coke straw up her nose.

Before MICKEY can react, ROSTOV grabs him by the
throat with his left hand and smashes him up against
the wall. He slides MICKEY up the wall, immobilizing
him.

THE WOMAN screams, covering her face.

ROSTOV

grabs the .45 from MICKEY's belt, turns, and fires
three shots through the door.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL - TOP FLOOR HALL - DAY

10

THE TWO BODYGUARDS

are killed by ROSTOV's bullets as they are about
to open the door.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

11

MICKEY

is futilely trying to pry ROSTOV's fingers from his
throat as ROSTOV slides the .45 back in his belt
and fires the last three shots into his groin.

ROSTOV releases MICKEY and MICKEY falls to the floor,
dead.

THE WOMAN

is sobbing and screaming, trying to free the straw,
as ROSTOV grabs her by the hair and throws her out
the window.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ROSTOV exits calmly, leaving the door open.

A BEAT LATER A BLACK MAN peers into the room.

MAN'S POV - MICKEY

is slumped up against the wall, dead. The briefcase of cocaine lies open on the table.

ANGLE ON THE BLACK MAN

as he looks up and down the hall and then cautiously enters the room. Making his move, he grabs the briefcase and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

12

MATT's house is a large, all-wood "shack" perched on stilts several feet above the water of the swamp. It stands in the midst of a watery "clearing" surrounded by towering, moss-hung trees. It is eerie and somewhat foreboding, not exactly the type of place most people would feel comfortable in.

It's well-built and homey in a rustic sort of way, complete with wood-burning stove. A four-foot wide porch runs along the front of the shack, protected by a sloping, wood-shingled roof. An old hammock, a battered cooler, a pile of firewood and an old chainsaw with a cutting cradle are on the porch.

TWO AIRBOATS are tied up at the small floating dock.

ANGLE ON MATT, JOHN EAGLE AND CLARK LITTLE HAWK,

a huge Seminole wearing an undersized tight tee shirt which reads: "LITTLE HAWK'S REAL LIVE SEMINOLE ALLIGATOR WRESTLING - DIXIE HIGHWAY - MIAMI". They are looking into a carrying crate containing the ALLIGATOR.

CLARK

I don't know, John Eagle, He don't look too good.

JOHN

Ever know a 'gator that did?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CLARK

How come he looks so tired?

JOHN shrugs.

CLARK

I don't know - business is kinda
goin' to hell...Three hundred.

JOHN

You been sayin' that for ten years...
Five.

CLARK

Five hundred dollars?!!

JOHN

Bet yer ass - he's already broken in.

ANGLE ON MATT AND JOHN

as they help CLARK load the crate onto the airboat.

MATT

(to John)

What are you gonna do when the Social
Security people find out that you've
been moonlighting.?

JOHN

I don't suppose they will..
They haven't found out about my
airboat business yet...and I been
runnin' it for forty years.

MATT

That's probably because you
haven't made a profit in 39
years.

JOHN

Just give me a hand with the damn
reptile.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ANGLE ON AIRBOAT

as it starts to move away from the dock with JOHN at the controls. MATT lifts a hand in farewell to CLARK, who acknowledges him with a nod. MATT sips on a BEER.

JOHN

(calling to Matt)

Why don't you come on in for dinner tonight? Got some fresh ones. Fried or barbequed; your choice.

ANGLE ON LARGE GLASS JAR CONTAINING 8 HUGE FROGS

as JOHN holds it up proudly.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he reacts.

MATT

(under his breath)

I'm sick of frogs...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MATT'S PLACE - NIGHT

13

ON CANOE

as a MAN paddles quietly through the swamp. The only sounds WE HEAR are the natural noises of the night.

As the MAN paddles with difficulty WE SEE that he wears a pistol in a shoulder holster under his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

ANGLE ON MATT'S HOUSE

as the CANOE glides towards it. The house is dark.

ANGLE ON DOCK

as CANOE arrives. The MAN ties up quickly and moves quietly down the dock towards the house.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as the MAN tries the knob. It turns, and he pushes the door open slowly.

THE MAN

peers into the house. Nothing moves, and he steps in.

CUT TO:

14

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14

MATT

suddenly grabs him from behind in a choke-hold. The MAN tries to struggle with MATT, but MATT immobilizes him.

MATT

I'm not interested.

MATT releases ADAMS.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he turns up the kerosene lantern.

The interior of the place belies the rather crude exterior. It's comfortable, furnished with a well-worn overstuffed couch and chairs. Indian blankets and artifacts dot the walls along with a small selection of books. A wood-burning stove and woodbox complete the decor.

ADAMS

The Company really needs you this time.

MATT

I've heard that story before. Give it to one of your regular agents.

MATT exits. ADAMS follows.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

15

ADAMS

follows MATT down the dock to MATT's boat.

ADAMS

This is special...We believe Rostov's
in country.

MATT slows for an almost imperceptible beat, then jumps
into his boat.

MATT

You should have let me kill him
when I had the chance.

He revs the engine loudly.

MATT

Now he's your problem.

He roars off into the darkness, leaving ADAMS alone
on the dock.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. PALATIAL AFRICAN ESTATE - NIGHT - (NIGHTMARE) -
ON FRONT STEPS

16

where FOUR ARMED AFRICAN SOLDIERS dressed in camouflage
uniforms snap to attention as a small CONVOY OF CARS
AND JEEPS rolls to a stop.

FOUR MORE AFRICAN SOLDIERS ride in the JEEP which leads
the convoy. FOUR AMERICAN SECRET SERVICEMEN ride in
the SEDAN that follows the FIRST JEEP. A SLEEK BLACK
LIMOSINE flying the AMERICAN FLAG from a hood stanchion
follows. A SECOND SEDAN carrying FOUR MORE AMERICAN
SECRET SERVICEMEN follows the LIMOSINE. A SECOND JEEP
carrying ANOTHER FOUR AFRICAN SOLDIERS brings up the
rear.

SIX SECRET SERVICEMEN and SIX SOLDIERS pile out of their
vehicles and surround the LIMOSINE as THE AMERICAN
SECRETARY OF STATE gets out. WE get only glimpses
of him. He is tall, distinguished and well-dressed.

THE SECRET SERVICEMEN and SOLDIERS surround the SECRETARY
and hustle him up the steps and into the mansion.

ANGLE ON REAR OF MANSION - ROSTOV

appears out of the darkness, a military-style bag slung
over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

ROSTOV kneels down under cover and quickly opens his bag. He pulls out an L.A.W. (collapsible one shot bazooka) and snaps it out to firing position. He raises it and aims at the FRENCH WINDOWS at the rear of the mansion.

ROSTOV'S POV - REAR OF MANSION - THE SECRETARY

and SECRET SERVICEMEN appear through the FRENCH WINDOWS as the SECRETARY and the AFRICAN PRESIDENT greet warmly.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV AND FRENCH WINDOWS

where WE CAN SEE BOTH ROSTOV AND HIS INTENDED TARGETS.

As ROSTOV is about to pull the trigger, the SECRETARY AND PRESIDENT move out of sight behind an intervening section of the wall, leaving the SECRET SERVICEMEN AND SOLDIERS behind.

THE MEN appear at the NEXT WINDOW and ROSTOV tracks them.

ROSTOV is frustrated again as they move out of view.

ANGLE ON FRENCH WINDOWS -

THE MEN

stop in front of the window, talking earnestly.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he aims carefully, coldly, confidently.

He starts to squeeze the trigger.

CLOSE ON ROSTOV

as a .45 automatic is thrust out of the darkness and the muzzle is jammed against the side of his head with an audible thud.

HUNTER (O.S. whisper)
Not this time, Rostov.

ROSTOV

lowers the L.A.W. slowly as he turns his head to see his assailant. The muzzle of the gun is pointing right between his eyes.

Hunter.
ROSTOV

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

ROSTOV'S POV - MATT HUNTER

stares coolly at ROSTOV down the barrel of the .45.
He is dressed in black and looks AWESOME!

MATT
(whisper)
Time to die.

He starts to squeeze the trigger.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV AND MATT

ROSTOV is sweating. MATT is cool. Their eyes are locked.

MATT raises the gun slowly, as if he's going to spare
ROSTOV.

Suddenly, like lightning out of nowhere, MATT front
kicks ROSTOV in the chin. He flies back and as he
lands hard WE

FLASH CUT TO:

17

INT. ART DECO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

17

CLOSE ON ROSTOV

sweating and screaming as he suddenly wakes up.

ANGLE ON NIKKO AND KURT

as they burst into the room drawing submachineguns.
They relax when they see that ROSTOV is unharmed.

ROSTOV grabs a bottle of vodka from the bedside stand
and gulps down a full measure to erase the memory of
the dream.

NIKKO
(in Russian)
(The dream again?)

ROSTOV
(in Russian)
(The nightmare.)

ROSTOV takes another drink.

ROSTOV
(We have to kill that bastard
before we begin the operation!)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

NIKKO

(It would mean coming out into the open...risking everything...Forget him... this would only distract us from our purpose here.)

ROSTOV

(interrupting)

(I want it done!)

NIKKO

(He's one man...alone. What can he do? You're obsessed!)

ROSTOV

(You only know his reputation... I've seen his work.)

NIKKO

(They will not tolerate it!)

ROSTOV

(They'll just have to, won't they?)

NIKKO

(Please, Mikal, leave Hunter alone. He's not a threat.)

ROSTOV

(As long as he's breathing, he's a threat.)

NIKKO and KURT exit.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. DECO MOTEL - NIGHT

18

NIKKO AND KURT

exit ROSTOV's bedroom.

KURT

This is bullshit. This Hunter means nothing.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

19

FOUR AIRBOATS

roar down a twisting channel between the towering reeds. ROSTOV and NIKKO are in the FIRST AIRBOAT, along with the FIRST TERR, who is driving.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

TOMAS and the SECOND AND THIRD TERRS man the SECOND AIRBOAT.

KURT and the FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH TERRS man the THIRD AIRBOAT.

KOYO and the SEVENTH, EIGHTH, AND NINTH TERRS man the FOURTH AIRBOAT.

ROSTOV AND KURT are armed with GRENADE LAUNCHERS. TOMAS and KOYO are armed with L.A.W.'S. NIKKO and the TERRS are armed with SMG'S.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

20

MATT

starts the CHAINSAW and begins to cut firewood. The scream of the chainsaw obliterates all other sound and wood chips and sawdust fill the air.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY - ON A MAZE OF TOWERING TREES

21

hung with ghostly Spanish moss and surrounded by stagnant black water as their mirrored tranquility is shattered by the arrival of the FOUR SPEEDING AIRBOATS.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

22

THE FOUR AIRBOATS

roar towards it, the sound of their engines masked by the scream of the chainsaw.

AIRBOATS' POV - MATT

is still cutting firewood.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he signals the DRIVERS to slow the engines.

ANGLE ON AIRBOATS

as they glide ominously and silently forward towards the house.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he shuts the chainsaw off. He puts it down, picks up

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

an armload of FIREWOOD, and carries it into the house, leaving the door open.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he raises the GRENADE LAUNCHER and NIKKO raises his SMG.

ANGLE ON TOMAS

as he raises his L.A.W. and the SECOND TERR raises his SMG.

ANGLE ON KURT

as he raises his GRENADE LAUNCHER and the FOURTH and FIFTH TERRS raise their SMGS.

ANGLE ON KOYO

as he raises his L.A.W. and the SEVENTH and EIGHTH TERRS raise their SMGS.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

as the GRENADE blows the door out.

ANGLE ON TOMAS, KURT, KOYO AND TERRS

as they open fire.

ANGLE ON HOUSE

as it is shot and blown to pieces.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he lowers his weapon and the OTHERS follow suit. The sudden silence that follows is jarring. ROSTOV motions towards the house.

ANGLE ON HOUSE

as the FOUR AIRBOATS move up to the dock and ROSTOV, NIKKO, KURT, TOMAS and KOYO, along with EIGHT TERRS jump out and move cautiously into the ruins, leaving the NINTH TERR to guard the BOATS.

ANGLE ON NINTH TERR

as MATT reaches out of the water behind him and grabs his hair, pulling him back into the water before he can scream.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

His feet kick futilely as MATT drowns him quickly.
MATT releases him and climbs into the AIRBOAT.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

23

ROSTOV

and the others are searching through the rubble for
MATT's body. In the background WE HEAR THE AIRBOAT move
away from the dock.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

24

MATT's AIRBOAT

makes a u-turn and races back towards the house.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

25

ROSTOV

and the others react to the SOUND of the approaching
airboat. They are confused.

ANGLE ON WALL

as MATT jumps the airboat right through it, scattering
ROSTOV and the others.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

26

ROSTOV

and the others jump into the water and mud to escape
as MATT's airboat crashes through the front of the
house and lands in the water.

ROSTOV and the others fire at MATT as he speeds away.
EXPLOSIONS bracket the AIRBOAT, but don't hit it and
it disappears into the trees.

ROSTOV AND TOMAS

jump into the FIRST AIRBOAT with the FIRST TERR, who
takes the wheel, and speed off in pursuit.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

NIKKO, KURT AND KOYO

jump into MATT'S AIRBOAT, (SECOND AIRBOAT) with the EIGHTH TERR and follow ROSTOV.

THE SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH TERRS

jump into the THIRD AIRBOAT and follow NIKKO.

THE FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH TERRS

jump into the FOURTH AIRBOAT and follow the THIRD BOAT.

ANGLE ON FOUR AIRBOATS

racing into the trees after MATT.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY - ON MAZE OF TOWERING TREES

27

as MATT guides his AIRBOAT through it with heart-stopping precision.

ROSTOV'S BOAT

follows, not quite so expertly, bumping and scraping trees and throwing off ROSTOV and TOMAS' aim.

THE OTHER THREE AIRBOATS follow

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ANGLE ON KURT

as he fires his GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ANGLE ON KURT

as he fires his GRENADE LAUNCHER.

ANGLE ON MATT'S BOAT

as the GRENADES GO OFF NEXT TO IT, spraying MATT with water and mud.

ANGLE ON HUGE TREE

as MATT jerks the controls quickly to avoid hitting it. The side of the boat scrapes the tree trunk.

BULLETS stitch the bark above his head.

THE BOAT zooms away with the ENEMY BOATS FOLLOWING.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON MAZE OF TOWERING REEDS

as MATT's BOAT flashes by.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV's BOAT

as it slows to a stop. The THREE OTHER BOATS follow suit.
WE SEE that they are facing a dozen possible channels.

ROSTOV

motions towards the channels and the THREE BOATS
split up and race down separate channels. ROSTOV's
BOAT disappears into another channel.

ANGLE ON THIRD AIRBOAT

as it cruises through the maze of trees, the SECOND
AND THIRD TERRS tense and alert, the FOURTH TERR
watching and driving.

The BOAT passes beneath the massive moss-hung limb of a
towering tree.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he LEAPS OFF THE BRANCH into the BOAT.

ANGLE ON THIRD AIRBOAT

as MATT lands in the bow right between the SECOND AND
THIRD TERRS. Before they can react

MATT

elbows the SECOND TERR in the face, knocking him to
his knees.

ANGLE ON THIRD TERR

as MATT knocks him overboard with a powerful sidekick.

ANGLE ON TREE

as the THIRD TERR is driven hard into the trunk by the
force of the kick. He slips down into the black water.

ANGLE ON FOURTH TERR

as he tries to stand and open fire and MATT knocks
him back against the fan housing with a high front kick
to the chin.

MATT

finishes the SECOND AND FOURTH TERRS off with a

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

27

combination of powerful kicks and strikes which hurl them overboard.

MATT

takes the controls and speeds out of sight into the maze.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S BOAT

prowling the maze looking for MATT.

ANGLE ON NIKKO'S BOAT

as it reaches the end of a channel in the reeds and makes a sliding turn, racing back the way it came.

ANGLE ON FOURTH BOAT

racing down a twisting channel in the reeds, the FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH TERRS watching tensely for any sign of MATT.

ANGLE ON JOHN EAGLE'S BOAT

as JOHN speeds to the rescue. He snaps the breech of an OLD DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN shut as he drives.

ANGLE ON FOURTH BOAT

as it roars down a twisting channel in the reeds, the FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH TERRS watching tensely for any sign of MATT. The roar of the engine deafens them.

ANGLE ON WALL OF REEDS BEHIND FOURTH BOAT

as MATT'S BOAT skids through it and races up behind, closing the distance rapidly.

ANGLE ON FIFTH TERR

as he turns in time to see MATT'S BOAT move right alongside. He starts to fire, but

MATT

leaps into the FOURTH BOAT, flattening the FIFTH TERR with a shoulder block before he can squeeze the trigger.

MATT

kicks the surprised SIXTH TERR, knocking him out of the boat.

ANGLE ON FIFTH TERR

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

as MATT snatches the SMG out of his hands and buttstrokes him with it, catapulting him out of the BOAT.

ANGLE ON SEVENTH TERR

as he fires wildly at MATT. MATT returns fire, killing him.

MATT

grabs the controls and

ROSTOV'S BOAT

suddenly bursts out of the reeds several hundred feet ahead of MATT'S BOAT.

ROSTOV

fires the grenade launcher and

MATT

hits the controls hard, throwing the BOAT into a skidding turn as THE GRENADE EXPLODES NEXT TO IT.

MATT'S BOAT speeds away. ROSTOV'S BOAT follows.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he opens up on ROSTOV'S BOAT with the captured SMG.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S BOAT

as Matt's bullets rake it and ROSTOV fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER again.

ANGLE ON MATT'S BOAT

as the GRENADE goes off next to it. MATT keeps firing.

ANGLE ON TOMAS

as he is hit in the hand and drops his SMG.

ANGLE ON FIRST TERR

as he is riddled and thrown back against the fan housing.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S BOAT

as it goes out of control and plows into the reeds and MATT escapes.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

NIKKO'S BOAT

skids around a turn as ROSTOV is throwing the FIRST TERR out of the boat. He motions for NIKKO to follow MATT and NIKKO'S BOAT races off in pursuit.

ANGLE ON MAZE OF TREES - MATT'S BOAT

speeds expertly through it.

NIKKO'S BOAT

zig-zags through the trees, looking for MATT.

ANGLE ON JOHN EAGLE'S BOAT

as it roars suddenly out of the trees, ambushing NIKKO'S BOAT. As JOHN speeds past he fires both barrels of the SHOTGUN, blowing the EIGHTH TERR into the water.

JOHN'S BOAT disappears into the trees as NIKKO and KOYO fire ineffectually at it.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S BOAT

weaving through the trees.

ANGLE ON MATT'S BOAT

as it passes beneath a low-hanging branch and MATT grabs the branch. He pulls himself up into the moss-hung tree with the SMG slung over his shoulder.

ANGLE ON NIKKO'S BOAT

as JOHN EAGLE'S BOAT explodes out of the trees in front of it. KOYO turns hard, barely avoiding a head-on collision, and JOHN EAGLE fires again with both barrels, missing both KOYO and NIKKO, but hitting the boat.

JOHN EAGLE'S BOAT races into the trees.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S BOAT

as it moves past MATT'S EMPTY BOAT and ROSTOV, KURT and TOMAS scan the area for MATT.

ANGLE ON TREE - MATT

raises the SMG and aims at ROSTOV as his boat emerges from behind a large tree.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JOHN EAGLE'S BOAT

appears behind ROSTOV'S BOAT and bears down on it.
JOHN EAGLE raises the SHOTGUN.

NIKKO'S BOAT

crashes out of the vegetation behind JOHN EAGLE'S
BOAT and NIKKO aims at JOHN EAGLE's back.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he reveals his position in the tree to warn JOHN EAGLE off.

MATT
(shouting)
Get back!

JOHN

turns and fires ineffectually at NIKKO while swerving
his BOAT towards the tree to pick MATT up.

JOHN
Come on, Matt!

NIKKO

fires.

JOHN

is killed instantly.

ROSTOV

fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER at the tree.

ANGLE ON TREE

as the GRENADE OBLITERATES IT...

DEBRIS rains down everywhere: mud; bark; branches,
some smoking, some on fire.

ROSTOV

peers tensely through the smoke, as do the others,
looking for any trace of MATT.

There is nothing left but bits of floating DEBRIS.

THE AIRBOATS

move away from the smoking debris, picking up speed.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ROSTOV

looks back for a searching moment, then turns back to face the front.

ANGLE ON MATT'S HAND

as it bursts out of the water and muck and grasps a large TREE LIMB bobbing on the surface.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

28

CLOSE ON MATT'S LEGS

dripping water and trailing mud, as he moves up the dock towards the remains of the house.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MATT carrying JOHN EAGLE's body through a gaping hole in the wall into the interior.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

29

MATT

lays JOHN EAGLE's body gently on the bed. He tears a singed colorful INDIAN BLANKET off a standing section of the wall and drapes it reverently over JOHN EAGLE.

MATT exits.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

30

MATT

exits and grabs the KEROSENE LANTERN off a hook on the remains of the porch.

ANGLE ON LANTERN

as MATT lights it and carries it to JOHN's AIRBOAT.

MATT jumps into the boat.

ANGLE ON AIRBOAT

as the engine roars into life and the boat starts to move away from the dock.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Almost as an afterthought, MATT picks up the LANTERN and throws it through the hole in the wall. It shatters and ignites the remaining wood.

MATT does not look back as the AIRBOAT moves into the swamp and flames begin to engulf the remains of the house behind him.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. JOHN EAGLE'S PLACE - EDGE OF EVERGLADES - SUNSET 31

MATT

is at the controls of the AIRBOAT, looking grim and determined as he speeds through the gathering darkness.

ANGLE ON OLD RICKETY DOCK

poking out into the Everglades from a finger of solid land, as MATT pulls up next to it.

An old sign on the dock reads: "EAGLE'S LANDING - AIR BOAT RIDES".

ANGLE ON JOHN'S "OFFICE"

as MATT walks past. It's a small, weathered clapboard building complete with sagging roof and peeling paint. A cluttered office that hasn't been cleaned in 40 years is in front, with a one-room living area in back.

A faded, hand-lettered sign on the roof reads: "OLDEST AIR BOAT RIDES IN THE EVERGLADES - J. EAGLE, PROP." From the look of the place we can easily believe it.

Another similar sign reads: "REAL SEMINOLE COOKING - EVERGLADES FROG LEGS OUR SPECIALTY".

ANGLE ON MASSIVE BLACK PICKUP TRUCK

with all the "WORKS" parked near the "office" as MATT approaches.

MATT reaches the TRUCK and pauses. He looks up at the sign on the roof, then turns and looks back out over the Everglades.

MATT'S POV - THE SMOKE AND FLAMES FROM THE BURNING HOUSE

can be seen in the darkness of the swamp beneath the vivid hues of the sunset sky.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANGLE ON MATT

as he allows himself to feel the loss of his friend and his home for the first time.

ANGLE ON TRUCK

as MATT throws the door open and slides behind the wheel.

CRANE UP past an OLD NEON SIGN

as the TRUCK roars away into the descending darkness past the "office".

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FLORIDA BEACH DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT - SUNSET

32

FOLLOW TWO BIKINI-CLAD GIRLS jogging off the beach and SLOWLY REVEAL ROSTOV at the drive-in as they jog past. He is putting twin trails of ketchup and mustard on a hotdog.

He is relaxed and confident as he strolls over to a railing which overlooks the bustling beach.

NIKKO enters and leans against the railing next to him. He looks askance as ROSTOV bites into the hotdog.

In the b.g. WE SEE, JOGGERS, ROLLER SKATERS, SKATEBOARDERS, WALKERS, and SWIMMERS moving past.

ROSTOV
(in Russian)
(Tonight we make history, Nikko...)

A POLICE CAR

cruises slowly by, ignoring the TWO MEN.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV AND NIKKO

ROSTOV
(continuing)
(...America hasn't been invaded by a foreign enemy in almost two hundred years...Look at them...)

TWO FAT JOGGERS bounce by. TEENAGERS laugh loudly nearby.

ROSTOV
(...soft...spineless...decadent...
they don't even understand the nature of their so called 'freedom'...or how we can use it against them. They're their own worst enemies, but they don't know it.)

CUT TO:

33

EXT. DESOLATE BEACH - NIGHT - ON WATER

33

as a TEENAGE GIRL erupts out of it, spraying water everywhere and laughing.

A TEENAGE BOY bursts out of the water behind her and she spins around to face him with a shriek of joy.

They embrace and kiss passionately, then pull away.

In the b.g. THEY SEE a GREEN FLARE arc across the sky.

TEENAGE BOY

What the hell was that?

TEENAGE GIRL

Who cares? Race you to the blanket.

She splashes away, held back by the force of the water. He laughs and charges after her.

ANGLE ON BEACH

as the GIRL splashes out of the surf and runs towards a large blanket laid out above the waterline. WE HEAR the TINY SONY PORTABLE TV that stands next to the blanket. A popular LATE-NIGHT ALL-AMERICAN TALK SHOW drones on throughout the scene.

The BOY runs out of the surf and sprints after her, closing in. Both are laughing.

ANGLE ON BLANKET

as the GIRL is about to reach it. The BOY dives onto it and rolls over as she collapses on top of him. Both are still laughing.

TEENAGE GIRL

That wasn't fair.

He smiles. She smiles back. They embrace and kiss.

ANGLE ON MAN'S BEIGE LOAFERS

as A MAN walks across the sand towards the unsuspecting COUPLE.

ANGLE ON COUPLE

as they kiss and hug with increasing passion. They roll over on the blanket.

ANGLE ON MAN'S BEIGE LOAFERS

moving closer and closer.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON COUPLE

locked in an embrace as THE MAN moves up next to them.

The GIRL opens her eyes and sees THE MAN.

ANGLE ON NIKKO (THE MAN) AND THE COUPLE

as NIKKO grabs the BOY by the hair and pulls him off of her. The GIRL screams as NIKKO shoots the BOY in the back of the head with a silenced revolver. He releases the BOY, letting him fall back on top of her.

Her scream is cut off abruptly as NIKKO shoots her through the head.

ANGLE ON NIKKO

as he fires two more times, then calmly looks up from the carnage. The TV still plays on in the b.g.

NIKKO'S POV - SIX LANDING CRAFT

are moving out of the darkness towards the shore. Silently, ominously.

ANGLE ON FIRST LANDING CRAFT

as its hull scrapes the sand and the landing door drops with a splash into the shallow water.

FIFTY ARMED TERRS pour out of the craft in a mad, silent rush, splashing through the shallow water to the beach. Most carry military-style BACKPACKS. All are dressed in an array of dark civilian clothing.

ANGLE ON SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH LANDING CRAFT

as their landing doors drop in unison and FIFTY ARMED TERRS charge out of each craft and make for the beach.

ANGLE ON BEACH - FIRST COMMANDER

yells at the TERRS streaming past him.

FIRST COMMANDER
(in Russian)
(Move it! Move it! Over the dunes!)

ANGLE ON BLANKET

as the TERRS stream across it, trampling the TEENAGERS' bodies underfoot. A TERR steps on the TV, crushing it.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

ANGLE ON SECOND COMMANDER

yelling at the hurrying TERRS.

SECOND COMMANDER
(in Polish)
(Go! Go!)

ANGLE ON THIRD COMMANDER

jogging down the beach past the empty LANDING CRAFT.

THIRD COMMANDER
(yelling in Spanish)
(Let's go! Let's go! Move it up!
Move it up!)

ANGLE ON BEACH

as HUNDREDS OF TERRS (LOOKING LIKE MANY HUNDREDS MORE)
stream out of the SIX LANDING CRAFT over and past the
TEENAGERS' bodies and up and over the sand dunes behind
the beach.

ANGLE ON SAND DUNE -

ROSTOV AND NIKKO

watch proudly as THE TERRS stream past them.

ANGLE ON THIRTY ASSORTED VEHICLES

parked behind the sand dunes: there are VANS and TRUCKS
of varying shapes and sizes.

THE TERRS stream over the dunes and flood around the
VEHICLES.

FIRST COMMANDER
(with Russian accent)
Seattle.

SIX TERRS climb into a VEHICLE and pull away.

ANGLE ON SECOND COMMANDER

SECOND COMMANDER
(with Polish accent)
Chicago.

TEN TERRS pour into a VEHICLE and he moves on to the
next group.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

ANGLE ON THIRD COMMANDER

THIRD COMMANDER
(with Spanish accent)
Los Angeles.

TEN TERRS climb into the back of a TRUCK and TWO MORE TERRS climb into the cab. The TRUCK moves off as the THIRD COMMANDER moves away.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV AND NIKKO

watching from the top of a sand dune as the TERRS are dispatched and the VEHICLES roll away down the sandy track towards the highway.

ROSTOV
(in Russian)
(18 hours from now, America will be
a different place.)

CRANE UP TO REVEAL the CONVOY moving away.

CUT TO:

34

INT. SLEAZY ALL-NIGHT DINER AND BAR - NIGHT

34

ADAMS

enters anxiously and pushes his way through the ROUGH LOOKING CORWD around the bar. He's sweating, out of breath, and looks out of place. He's not sure if he'll be in time. He's constantly looking for the man he's supposed to meet.

ADAMS' POV - MATT

is seated at a corner booth drinking a bottle of beer.

ANGLE ON BOOTH

as ADAMS plops down across from MATT. It's obvious that MATT has just eaten: a plate with the remains of a T-bone steak lies in front of him, along with some side dishes and two empty bottles of beer.

MATT and ADAMS stare at each other for a beat. ADAMS betrays his anxiety. MATT betrays nothing.

MATT
I'll take the assignment.

ADAMS visibly relaxes.

MATT
(continuing)
...but remember: I work alone.

MATT finishes his beer and sets it down as ADAMS speaks.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ADAMS

Now, you understand, if anything goes wrong, we don't know who you are...

MATT gets up and walks away.

MATT

(over his shoulder)

Yeah, yeah, I know.

ADAMS

Hunter!

MATT keeps walking. ADAMS starts after him, but a BURLY WAITRESS blocks his path.

BURLY WAITRESS

(shoving bill in his hand)

Ya forgot your bill, sugar. Pay up front...and don't forget the tip, okay?

CUT TO:

35 EXT. DESOLATE BEACH - DAY

35

CASSIDY

watches as an AMBULANCE ATTENDANT zips a BODY BAG shut on the TEENAGE GIRL. As ANOTHER ATTENDANT helps to carry her away, CASSIDY turns and walks towards the empty LANDING CRAFT. HARPER hurries down the sand dune to join him.

HARPER

Looks like at least twenty vehicles, sir, maybe even forty.

CASSIDY

What kind?

HARPER

Most of the tracks are obliterated, sir, but we'd say they were trucks of some kind...

CASSIDY

How big?

HARPER

All sizes. Seems like they had full loads too.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

They continue down towards the LANDING CRAFT where WE SEE A DOZEN PLAINCLOTHES F.B.I. AGENTS going over them.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she photographs the ATTENDANTS carrying the GIRL's body past her towards a waiting AMBULANCE.

A SECOND AMBULANCE is already driving away, lights flashing, past SIX POLICE CARS, CASSIDY'S SEDAN and A DOZEN PRESS VEHICLES.

TWENTY ASSORTED REPORTERS and NEWS CREW PEOPLE follow her example. ASSORTED BEACH PEOPLE watch in the b.g.

MCGUIRE

detaches herself from the crowd and moves towards the beach.

ANGLE ON BRIGHT YELLOW "POLICE LINE"

which stretches across the sand, blocking the beach. "POLICE LINE- DO NOT CROSS" is printed repeatedly on it. TEN POLICEMEN are stationed at intervals along it.

MCGUIRE

reaches the line and ducks under it without hesitating.

TWO POLICEMEN converge on her, blocking her path.

MCGUIRE

C'mon, guys, give me a break.

They crowd her back under the line.

ANGLE ON CASSIDY AND HARPER

as they reach the LANDING CRAFT and JOHNSTON emerges from one to join them.

JOHNSTON

No trace of drugs, sir.

CASSIDY

This isn't a drug smuggling operation.

HARPER

Then what is it?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY doesn't reply.

CASSIDY
(to Johnston)
Where were they made?

JOHNSTON
Here in the States, sir. I've got
the serial numbers.

CASSIDY
Contact the D.O.D. Surplus Sales Office.
Start running down the buyer. I want
to know where they came from.

JOHNSTON
But sir, these things are over 40
years old.

CASSIDY
Then you've got your work cut out for
you, don't you?

CASSIDY starts back towards the POLICE LINE. HARPER
and JOHNSTON follow.

CASSIDY
(whisper to himself)
This is big...real big.

HARPER
Did you say something, sir?

CASSIDY ignores him and keeps walking.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as CASSIDY, HARPER and JOHNSTON move towards her.

MCGUIRE
Hey, Cassidy! Smile!

CASSIDY looks again as MCGUIRE snaps his picture.

THE F.B.I. MEN pass the POLICE LINE and MCGUIRE
falls in beside them as they move towards the SEDAN.

MCGUIRE
You got any words of wisdom for the press?
CASSIDY and the OTHERS ignore her.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MCGUIRE

Right. ...Let me re-phrase it-
you got any idea at all what the
hell's going on around here?

CASSIDY continues to ignore her. JOHNSTON opens the door and he slides into the SEDAN. HARPER slides behind the wheel and JOHNSTON climbs into the back. MCGUIRE snaps a picture of CASSIDY through the window of the SEDAN as it pulls away. She turns back towards the beach and glances up at the top of a sand dune.

MCGUIRE'S POV - MATT

stands on top of the dune surveying the scene below.
He obviously looks out of place.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she starts towards him, sinking into the soft sand.

MCGUIRE

Hey, cowboy!

ANGLE ON TOP OF DUNE- MATT

looks out towards the water.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she stops, kicks the sand off her boots, and looks
up at the dune again.

MCGUIRE'S POV - MATT

is gone.

CUT TO:

A PICKUP TRUCK

carrying THREE MEN turns a corner and cruises slowly past FIVE TYPICAL MIDDLE INCOME HOMES:

A FATHER AND SON are finishing setting up a SANTA WITH SLEIGH AND REINDEER in front of the FIRST HOME.

A BLACK FAMILY decorates a CHRISTMAS TREE in the window of the living room of the SECOND HOME.

A FAT FATHER carries an armload of brightly wrapped presents from his car into the door of the THIRD HOME.

A FAMILY is gathered around a PIANO singing a Christmas carol in the living room of the FOURTH HOME.

ANGLE ON FIFTH HOME - A FATHER

finishes hanging the lights on an outdoor evergreen tree with the help of his YOUNG SON AND DAUGHTER. He starts back down the ladder as the PICKUP TRUCK passes slowly by in the b.g.

THE DAUGHTER holds up the big bright star that goes on top of the tree.

DAUGHTER

Daddy, can I put the star up this year?

Her brother snatches the star from her hands.

SON

I wanna put it up!

DAUGHTER

You put it up last year!

SON

That's 'cause I'm older!

FATHER

(intervening)

I'll put it up this year.

BOTH CHILDREN

That's not fair!

The FATHER takes the star and starts up the ladder.

MOTHER

(leaning out door)

Time for dinner!

(CONTINUED)

CHILDREN

Awww! Not now!

FATHER

We'll finish later. Come on.

They enter the house, the DAUGHTER in the rear.

THE PICKUP TRUCK

stops in the turnaround just past the fifth house and ROSTOV and NIKKO get out and climb into the back. KURT is at the wheel.

ANGLE ON MILITARY-STYLE FOOTLOCKER

as ROSTOV opens it. WE do not see the contents.

ROSTOV

(in Russian)

(They make it so easy, don't they, Nikko?)

ANGLE ON FIFTH HOME - THE DAUGHTER

runs back to the tree after her FATHER and BROTHER have gone inside. She grabs the star, scrambles to the top of the ladder, and places the star triumphantly on the tree.

NIKKO

is standing in the back of the pickup as he RAISES A ROCKET LAUNCHER. ROSTOV checks his watch, then slaps a round into the tube.

NIKKO aims at the FOURTH HOME as WE SEE the DAUGHTER run into the FIFTH HOME.

ROSTOV takes the launcher abruptly from NIKKO and aims at the FIFTH HOME. NIKKO hits the roof of the cab and the truck starts slowly forward.

ANGLE ON THE FIFTH HOME

where WE SEE THE FAMILY sitting at the dinner table through the picture window as the DAUGHTER quickly takes her place.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Where've you been, young lady?

ROSTOV

squeezes the launcher's trigger, sending a rocket

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

RIGHT THROUGH THE PICTURE WINDOW of the FIFTH HOME!

ANGLE ON PICTURE WINDOW OF FIFTH HOME

as the rocket shatters it and EXPLODES INSIDE!!!

NIKKO

rams another round home and ROSTOV fires again.

ANGLE ON FOURTH HOME

as the ROCKET crashes through the front door and
EXPLODES!

ANGLE ON THIRD HOME

as the ROCKET strikes it and IT EXPLODES!

ANGLE ON SECOND HOME

as IT EXPLODES!

ANGLE ON FIRST HOME

as IT EXPLODES, showering debris over SANTA, his SLEIGH
and REINDEER.

ROSTOV AND NIKKO

hold on tight as the pickup truck accelerates and
disappears around the corner.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL THAT THE ENTIRE STREET

is devastated. Fire and smoke everywhere. Screams of
pain and fear echo through the night as the SURVIVORS
stumble out of the wreckage.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

37

TWO DOZEN CUBAN TEENAGERS

are gathered around the front of the brightly painted
community center which bears a sign reading: "SOUTH
MIAMI COMMUNITY CENTER". A CHRISTMAS DANCE is going
on inside and WE HEAR the ROUSING MUSIC that spills out
into the street.

THE TEENAGERS are laughing, joking, dancing and having
a good time.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CARLOS, 18 and overweight, glances shyly at MARIA, 18 and pretty, who stands nearby with her GIRLFRIENDS.

TONIO, thin and energetic, grabs CARLOS' arm.

TONIO
(in Spanish)
(You wanna meet her?...C'mon, I know
you wanna meet her.)

He tries to pull CARLOS over to MARIA. In the b.g. A POLICE CAR turns the corner, dousing its lights before the TEENAGERS can see it. During the following interchange it moves ominously towards the oblivious group.

CARLOS
(She won't have nothin' to do with me.)

TONIO
(You gotta try, man, that's all. Watch
this.)

The POLICE CAR stops twenty feet from them as TONIO joins the GIRLS.

TONIO
(Evenin', Ladies!)

MARIA
Hi.

TONIO
(My friend here thinks you're a fox.)

The GIRLS laugh. CARLOS is about to die of embarrassment.

THE POLICE CAR'S POWERFUL HEADLIGHTS SNAP ON, blinding CARLOS, TONIO and the GIRLS. TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS open the doors and get out to face the CROWD. They both wear mirrored AVIATOR SUNGLASSES.

TONIO
(Shit!)...Hey, man, how about if
you give us a break for once?

The POLICEMEN don't reply.

TONIO
(under his breath)
(It's always the same bullshit with
you dudes.)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He starts towards the POLICE CAR.

TONIO

I hope you guys are a little more
friendly than the two last week.

THE POLICEMEN

whip out SAWED-OFF SHOTGUNS and open fire, blowing TONIO
back ten feet.

MARIA SCREAMS! So do other WOMEN in the CROWD.

ANGLE ON POLICEMEN

as they open fire, shooting as fast as they can work
the pumps.

ANGLE ON CROWD

as TWO, THREE, FOUR TEENAGERS are cut down. Others
run, screaming or swearing. All are confused. It doesn't
make any sense.

CARLOS

grabs MARIA and throws her to the ground, protecting
her with his own body. A DEAD MAN crashes down on top
of them and MARIA screams. CARLOS shoves the body
aside, using it as a shield.

ANGLE ON FRONT OF COMMUNITY CENTER

as the POLICEMEN stop firing. In the headlights and
lights from the building WE SEE the sprawled BODIES of
the DEAD and WOUNDED. PEOPLE are sobbing and crying out
for help.

CARLOS

hugs MARIA tightly, trying to hush her crying.

ANGLE ON POLICEMAN

as he lowers his smoking shotgun and removes his sunglasses.
It's KOYO!

The other "POLICEMAN" surveys the scene.

MARIA sobs out loud. CARLOS clamps a hand over her mouth.

The "POLICEMAN" aims the shotgun at MARIA and CARLOS.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

KOYO
(in accented English)
No! He wants witnesses.

KOYO

slips his glasses back on and he and the "POLICEMAN" get calmly back into the POLICE CAR.

THE POLICE CAR pulls away, leaving the DEAD, DYING AND WOUNDED strewn along the sidewalk and street.

TONIO lies dead in the gutter as CARLOS leans over him and covers his face with his jacket. MARIA hugs CARLOS tearfully as he straightens up.

In the b.g. WE SEE PARENTS, FRIENDS and RELATIVES searching for and grieving over their loved ones.

MARIA
(Why?)

CARLOS
(I don't know.)

MARIA
(It's not right...There has to be a reason...Doesn't there have to be a reason?)

She breaks down and CARLOS tries to comfort her.

ANGLE ON TWO POLICE CARS

as they screech around the corner and speed down the street towards the Center, sirens wailing, lights flashing.

ANGLE ON FIRST POLICE CAR - A ROOKIE

looks scared as he sees the milling CROWD. His partner, a well-tried VETERAN, whose face mirrors his experience, smiles encouragingly.

ANGLE ON CROWD

reacting angrily as the POLICE CARS approach. PEOPLE pick up BRICKS and BOTTLES.

CARLOS,

caught up emotionally, picks up a BRICK and MARIA picks up a BOTTLE. They surge into the street with the ANGRY CROWD.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CROWD
(Ad libs: Murderers! Bastards! etc.)

ANGLE ON POLICE CARS

as A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND BOTTLES RAINS DOWN ON THEM,
shattering their windows and lights and denting the
bodies.

ANGLE ON VETERAN

as a bottle crashes on the POLICE CAR WINDSHIELD and he
slams on the brakes.

VETERAN
(panicking)
Call for backup!

The ROOKIE grabs the radio.

ANGLE ON POLICE CARS

as they back quickly down the street the way they came,
chased and pelted by the CROWD.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT - MCGUIRE

38

moves down the dark dingy street, her CAMERA slung over
her shoulder. The mood is tense and dangerous, but she
is not afraid. As she passes a COWBOY BAR she hears

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
(continuing)
...continuing reports of additional
terrorist attacks are coming in from
every corner of the country. It seems
that no one is safe from the brutal
bombings and shootings that began only
a few short hours ago...

MCGUIRE moves into the bar in order to hear the rest
of the news.

CUT TO:

39 INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

39

MCGUIRE

moves through the CROWD of REAL AND URBAN COWBOYS and
COWGIRLS up to the bar where the TV is located.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

NEWSCASTER

(continuing)

...thus far no one has claimed responsibility for the apparently co-ordinated attacks, but authorities believe that they are the work of one organization or coalition of fringe groups. The terrorist acts commenced nationwide at 7 P.M. Eastern Standard Time and struck a bewildering variety of targets without any obvious political significance. Once again, over two hundred people have been killed in a wave of terrorist attacks around the nation, and the number of casualties is growing every minute...

THE COWBOY leaning against the bar next to MCGUIRE looks past her to the entrance. He is B-I-G, red-faced and half-drunk, an egomaniac we don't like on sight. He wears jeans and a slightly battered cowboy hat.

COWBOY

Well, well, well...

MCGUIRE looks towards the door.

ANGLE ON OTHER PATRONS

as they turn towards the entrance, staring silently.

ANGLE ON DOOR -

A BLACK MAN

wearing a long coat stands there as the CROWD glares at him. He doesn't seem to know whether to enter or leave.

ANGLE ON COWBOY

COWBOY

(to McGuire)

Watch this.

THE BLACK MAN

steps back uncertainly as the COWBOY advances towards him.

COWBOY

Your kind ain't welcome here, BOY. Why don't you git yoah ass out a here before I kick it out.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

He lunges forward confidently. THE BLACK MAN pulls a SUBMACHINEGUN from beneath his long coat and cuts the COWBOY down.

The impact of the bullets sends the COWBOY's body hurtling back to crash across a table, breaking it and scattering the FOUR PEOPLE seated around it.

THE CROWD

is shocked into silence by the sudden violence. They stare at the BLACK MAN and there is a pregnant pause. What will happen next.?

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she slowly reaches for her camera.

THE BLACK MAN

cooly OPENS FIRE, blasting SIX PATRONS right off their BAR STOOLS just feet from MCGUIRE.

MCGUIRE

dives for cover behind the bar.

PANDEMONIUM erupts: WOMEN SCREAM, MEN SHOUT. PEOPLE RUSH FOR THE OTHER EXIT. THE BLACK MAN KEEPS FIRING.

MCGUIRE

pops up and snaps a few pictures with the motor-driven camera. BULLETS rake the bottles above her head and she ducks back down.

ANGLE ON EXIT

as TEN PEOPLE are about to reach it. The door flies open and TWO MORE BLACK MEN WITH SUBMACHINEGUNS burst in.

THE BLACK MEN OPEN FIRE, CUTTING DOWN ALL TEN PEOPLE!

THE FIRST BLACK MAN

fires cooly, methodically.

PATRONS

go down all around, MEN AND WOMEN.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

MCGUIRE

lies on the floor, shooting pictures from around the end of the bar.

THE TWO BLACK MEN

fire in all directions.

MORE PATRONS

go down, dead and wounded.

THE FIRST BLACK MAN

stops firing.

THE TWO BLACK MEN

stop firing.

MCGUIRE

stops shooting. She waits tensely.

ANGLE ON BARROOM

which is riddled with bullets, PATRONS sprawled dead and dying everywhere. The air is filled with the moans, screams and crying of the survivors. THE FIRST BLACK MAN walks back towards the exit, shooting SEVERAL SURVIVORS as he goes.

MCGUIRE waits tensely, as THE FIRST BLACK MAN passes by and joins the OTHERS. They exit.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. COWBOY BAR - MIAMI- NIGHT

40

ON REAR EXIT

as the THREE BLACK MEN exit, hiding their SMGS under their coats as they walk towards a waiting older model SEDAN with a BLACK DRIVER.

THE FIRST BLACK MAN slides into the front seat and the other TWO BLACK MEN into the back.

THE SEDAN takes off.

ANGLE ON FIRST BLACK MAN

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

FIRST BLACK MAN
(in German)
(Soon Americans will be killing
Americans...)

He wipes his face with an alcohol-soaked rag, wiping off some of the dark makeup that made him look like a black man.

WE GLIMPSE the TWO BLACK MEN in the back seat also starting to remove their makeup.

FIRST BLACK MAN
(continuing)
(...They'll be doing our work for us.)

CUT TO:

41 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

41

MATT

cruises through an extremely seedy part of town in the TRUCK. He is greeted with either indifference or hostility by those he passes.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MERCENARY BAR - NIGHT -

42

ON MATT'S TRUCK

as it pulls up in front of the grimy backstreet bar. This is definitely not the sort of place you'd just walk into right off the street.

MATT gets out of the TRUCK and enters the bar.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MERCENARY BAR - NIGHT - ON DOOR

43

as MATT enters and pauses for a moment so his eyes can get used to the dim light. He surveys the scene.

The place is filled with MERCENARIES of every race, creed and color, their HARD-ASS GIRLFRIENDS, and a scattering of HOOKERS and TOUGH WAITRESSES.

A BIKINI DANCER gyrates listlessly on a small stage to the scratchy music from an ancient juke box. Almost none of the PATRONS pay any attention to her.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

AN OLD COLOR TV

mounted above the bar is turned to the news.

As MATT moves through the bar looking for a contact
WE SEE AND HEAR bits of the following:

NEWSCASTER

(continuing)

...Terror still stalks the land tonight
as the savage terrorist attacks that have
rocked each of the fifty states since
early this evening continue with increasing
fury...Here with a Special Report on
this grim situation is Katherine Martin.

KATHERINE MARTIN

Thank you, Tom. I'm here at Georgetown
University with Dr. Malcom Douglas, an
internationally reknowned expert on
terrorism... Dr. Douglas, during the last
few hours the terrorists have struck at
the very cornerstones of our society
with one notable exception. Communications
and the media. Why have we alone remained
unscathed?

DR. DOUGLAS is an appropriately tweedy man with longish
hair and hornrimmed glasses in his fifties.

DR. DOUGLAS

The answer is simple, Ms. Martin.
Terrorism is theatre. Without publicity,
it is reduced to meaningless acts
of murder and mayhem.

KATHERINE

You're saying that the ultimate success
of the terrorists will be determined
by the media?

DR. DOUGLAS

Of course. We have a population of
over two hundred million. How can
hundreds, or even thousands of
terrorists defeat us? But you see, they
don't have to beat us physically, they
can beat us psychologically. Fear is their
greatest weapon. And who is better at
preying on our fears than the media?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

KATHERINE
(cutting him off abruptly)
I'm afraid that's all we have time
for, Dr. Douglas...This is Katherine
Martin at Georgetown University...

MATT is greeted with hostile glares and smouldering angry
stares by the MERCENARIES, GIRLFRIENDS, HOOKERS and
WAITRESSES as he moves past them.

ANGLE ON FLYNN

a tough-looking Irishman seated at the far end of the
bar, as he raises his glass to acknowledge MATT's
approach. MATT makes his way towards him.

ANGLE ON HUGE THUG

as he steps away from the bar, blocking MATT's way.
He holds a glass of beer in one massive hand as he
glares at MATT. MATT stares coolly back.

THUG
I don't think I know you.

MATT
That makes us even. I don't know
you either.

MATT starts to step around him, but the THUG moves,
blocking him.

THUG
You don't need to know ME, asshole...
You buyin' or sellin'?

MATT
Just lookin'.

The THUG pokes MATT's chest with the hand holding the
beer as he speaks.

THUG
Yeah? Well, this ain't no peep-show,
asshole. Ya got business, do it now.
Ya got it?

MATT
I'm not sure.

MATT grabs the THUG's beer-holding hand.

MATT
Wanna run it by me again?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MATT squeezes the THUG's hand hard, breaking the glass and sending splinters into the THUG's hand. The THUG screams in pain, clutching his mangled hand.

MATT

That's okay. I think I get it.

MATT steps past him:

ANGLE ON BOUNCERS

as they start towards MATT. FLYNN grabs one BOUNCER's arms as he moves past, stopping him.

FLYNN

Real bad idea, Bobby. Take my word for it.

The BOUNCER takes a look at MATT as he moves towards him and backs down.

ANGLE ON BAR

as MATT slides onto a vacant stool next to FLYNN.

In the b.g. WE SEE THE TWO BOUNCERS hustling the HUGE THUG out the door. He is still groaning and clutching his hand.

MATT

Your turn to buy, isn't it?

FLYNN

(to bartender)

Two beers.

MATT

How's business?

FLYNN

Just booming...Sorry...Lots of amateurs out there these days willin' to fight wars for money...but I managed to pick up a real nice short-term contract job in Thailand- your favorite stomping ground...and if this keeps up, I might be able to work right here at home - think of what I'd save on air fares.

The BARTENDER puts their BEERS on the bar and takes FLYNN's money. FLYNN picks up his beer and starts to drink. MATT doesn't touch his.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MATT

Rostov's here.

FLYNN reacts.

FLYNN

You think he's behind all this?

MATT

I've gotta find him.

FLYNN

You know, you never had any patience,
Hunter. You're supposed to butter me
up first, remember? Offer me a bribe.

MATT

Okay, just give me a lead. I'll make
a call and you'll have more work than
you can handle...I understand that South
America's real nice this time of year.

MATT sips his BEER.

CLOSE ON FLYNN

as he plays with his beer, not looking at MATT.

FLYNN

I saw some strange new faces last
night at the Corazon De Oro...Looked
real experienced...I'd say they were
in the business...Could be some of
Rostov's people, I don't know.

ANGLE ON FLYNN AND MATT

as FLYNN looks up and MATT nods his thanks.

FLYNN

(raising his beer in toast)
See ya in hell.

MATT

(as he exits)
Just send me a postcard.

CUT TO:

43A INT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT -

43A

HARPER

hands MCGUIRE a cup of coffee. She sits across the table
from CASSIDY and looks exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

43A CONTINUED:

43A

In the b.g. WE SEE JOHNSTON and FIVE F.B.I. AGENTS at work in the wrecked bar and AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS carrying BODIES out in body bags.

MCGUIRE
(to Harper)

Thanks.

CASSIDY
(resuming)

Trouble sure has a way of following you around, don't it?

MCGUIRE
Come on. This is happening everywhere...
or haven't you heard?

CASSIDY looks down at MCGUIRE'S press card which lies on the table in front of him.

CASSIDY
(losing temper)

Look, McGuire, these bastards hit twenty places last night in Miami alone and I don't know how many more today! They're turning the people against each other and even worse, against authority. Ten percent of the police force is already out of action...Our people don't put up with it when they're threatened - they stand up and fight back...So every incident like this breeds ten more just like it...and we don't have the resources to deal with even half of them.

CASSIDY turns abruptly and storms out, followed by HARPER and JOHNSTON.

CUT TO:

43B EXT. COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

43B

CASSIDY

exits with HARPER and JONSTON, moving past SEVERAL AMBULANCES towards the SEDAN.

HARPER
I can't believe that this is
happening here, sir.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. FLORIDA BEACH HOTEL - DAY

44

A PRETTY WAITRESS

carries a tray of drinks across the sand, stopping next to ROSTOV and KURT, who lie back in beach chairs, glistening with suntan oil and watching the SMALL PORTABLE TV that lies on ROSTOV's stomach.

NEWSCASTER

(continuing)

...The terrorist attacks that began inexplicably last night are continuing and intensifying all across the nation today and authorities, have thus far been helpless to prevent them...Parents are keeping their children home from school and employers are reporting a sharp decline in productivity as a significant and increasing segment of the work force...

THE WAITRESS hands ROSTOV a tall glass filled with ice cubes and vodka, then hands KURT a beer.

WAITRESS

A vodka and a beer.

THE WAITRESS moves away as ROSTOV fishes the ice cubes out of his drink with his fingers and drops them on the sand.

A TOURIST COUPLE

moves up behind ROSTOV and KURT and peers down at the TV. They are middle-aged, middle Americans, complete with ugly Hawaiian shirt and mu-mu and sunburn creme-covered noses.

NEWSCASTER

(continuing)

...Law Enforcement Agencies at all levels have been working around the clock but have not yet turned up any substantial leads...Where do the terrorists come from? Why are they here? These are the questions that every American is asking today...

MALE TOURIST

(to Rostov, Kurt and wife)

They've been blowin' up the rest of the world for years. I'm just surprised that the bastards took so long to get here.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

NIKKO enters, carrying a brightly wrapped Christmas package.

NIKKO
(coldly)
Precisely my sentiments.

NIKKO slides into the chair next to KURT as the TOURIST COUPLE moves off.

NIKKO
(handing package to Kurt)
Merry Christmas.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. CORAZON DE ORO - NIGHT

45

TOMAS AND TWO TERRS

approach the backstreet hangout in Little Havana. WE SEE that TOMAS' hand has been professionally bandaged. The building and street are dirty. The entrance to the bar is through a heavy steel door set in a grimy wall next to a filthy window. A half-broken neon sign which reads "EL CORAZON DE ORO" hangs above the door.

VICTOR, the huge bouncer who is meticulously waxing his gleaming convertible PIMPMOBILE in front of the building, glares at them as they pass by.

A TERR opens the door and music spills out into the street as TOMAS and the TERRS step inside.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CORAZON DE ORO - NIGHT - TOMAS AND THE TWO TERRS

46

make their way slowly through the CROWD towards the bar. The MUSIC is loud and lively and the CROWD is mainly CUBAN, but there are also MANY TOUGH-LOOKING CAUCASIANS AND BLACKS present. At first glance it's clear that the place is as much a brothel as anything else.

WAITRESSES in skimpy outfits work the CROWD, as do HOOKERS of varying shapes, sizes and races.

TOMAS and the TWO TERRS reach the bar and ANGELA, an attractive hooker, steps up to TOMAS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

46 *

ANGELA

(caressing his chest)
You come back to see Angela, huh?

TOMAS

No, but you'll do.
(to bartender in Spanish)
(Champagne for two..screw these guys.)
(to Angela)
...We celebrate

FIRST TERR

You better screw yourself first man. We
don't got time for this shit.

TOMAS

Oh yeah? Why don't you drink the
champagne? I'm gonna see the world...
See you later.

TOMAS and ANGELA move away from the bar and climb the
stairs to the second floor.

FIRST TERR

(to Second Terr)
Come on.

The TWO TERRS exit the bar.

ANGLE ON SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

as TOMAS and ANGELA walk down it towards a door at the
far end, passing HOOKERS and JOHNS coming and going
from the various other rooms. the hall is dingy and
dark, lit by a few bare bulbs.

ANGLE ON ROOM

as TOMAS and ANGELA enter. The room is bare and dark,
the only furnishings a sagging bed, a nightstand and
a chair. A bare bulb hangs on a twisted wire from the
ceiling to give the room its dim illumination.

ANGELA embraces TOMAS, hitting his hand. TOMAS
slaps her across the face and grabs her by the hair.

TOMAS

Watch my hand!

He pulls her over to the bed and sits down on its
edge, pulling her down onto his lap. He places his
injured hand gingerly on the nightstand and starts
to fondle ANGELA.

CLOSE ON MAN'S HAND - A LONG-BLADED SWITCHBLADE

* 46 CONTINUED

flicks open.

CLOSE ON TOMAS' BANDAGED HAND

as the SWITCHBLADE is driven through it, nailing it to the table.

CLOSE ON TOMAS

as he screams in agony and knocks ANGELA to the floor.

TILT UP TO REVEAL MATT looming over TOMAS.

MATT
(to Angela)
Beat it.

ANGELA

scrambles out the door as TOMAS continues to scream.

MATT
backhands TOMAS across the face, cutting off his scream.
He grabs TOMAS' chin in a crushing grip.

MATT
Where's Rostov?

TOMAS

I don't know!

MATT hits the pommel of the knife with his hand, driving the blade deeper into the table. TOMAS cries out.

MATT
Rostov.

TOMAS
I don't know, man. No one knows how to find him! He's on the move all the time.

MATT hits the pommel of the knife again.

MATT
Give him up.

TOMAS
I don't know nothin', man. I just do what he tells me to.

VICTOR

enters the room. MATT ignores him.

VICTOR

What the hell's going on?

VICTOR moves to grab MATT, but MATT quickly turns the tables on him manhandling him towards the door and throwing him out into the hall. MATT closes the door on him

ANGLE ON TOMAS

As he tries to pull the knife out of his hand. MATT hits the pommel and Tomas cries out.

MATT

What's next?

ANGLES ON STAIRS

as TWO MORE HUGE BOUNCERS start up

ANGLE ON SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

as ANGELA waves the TWO BOUNCERS past her towards VICTOR, who is slowly recovering.

ANGELA

(in Spanish)

(Come on! Come on! They're in the last room!)

She follows them closely as they stalk towards TOMAS' room, shoving an unsuspecting JOHN out of their way.

ANGLE ON MATT AND TOMAS

TOMAS is sweating profusely.

TOMAS

That's all I know...but it's too late, man. I was supposed to be there by now. That place is history.

VICTOR AND THE TWO BOUNCERS

appear in the doorway behind MATT.

VICTOR

What are you gonna do now, tough guy?
BOUNCERS'S POV - MATT

pulls a GRENADE from his jacket pocket.

TOMAS

C'mon, help me, man!

ANGLE ON BOUNCERS AND ANGELA

46

CONTINUED

46

as they react to the scene.

VICTOR

(to MATT)

You're crazy, you know that?

MATT pulls the pin, careful not to release the spoon.

VICTOR

(to the others)

Go!

* They turn and run back down the hall, shoving ANGELA out of the way. *

VICTOR

Watch out, bitch!

ANGLE ON MATT AND TOMAS

* as MATT grabs TOMAS' good hand and slaps the GRENADE into it. TOMAS grips it tightly. MATT lets go, leaving TOMAS holding the GRENADE. *

MATT

If you find a way out of this,
tell Rostov "It's time to die".

MATT exits.

TOMAS

is bewildered. He can't release the GRENADE or free his hand. The window is hard to reach since it is behind him, but he has no other choice.

He holds his breath as he throws the GRENADE back-handed out the window

CUT TO:

46

CONTINUED:

46

TOMAS
C'mon, help me, man!

ANGLE ON BOUNCERS AND ANGELA

as they react to the scene.

VICTOR
(to Matt)
You're crazy, you know that?
(to the others)
Go!

They turn and run back down the hall past ANGELA.

VICTOR
Watch out, bitch!

ANGLE ON MATT AND TOMAS.

as MATT turns back to face him. TOMAS is sweating profusely.

TOMAS
That's all I know...

MATT starts to leave.

TOMAS
...but it's too late, man. I was supposed to be there by now. That place is history.

MATT pauses in the doorway.

MATT
Just in case you happen to run into Rostov...Tell him "It's time to die".

MATT exits.

TOMAS

is bewildered. He can't release the GRENADE or free his hand. The window is hard to reach since it's on the same wall as he is, but he has no other choice.

He holds his breath as he throws the GRENADE back-handed at the window.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CORAZON DE ORO - NIGHT

47

VICTOR

is pointing out the window of TOMAS' room to the small milling CROWD of BOUNCERS, WAITRESSES, HOOKERS AND CUSTOMERS who are gathered around his PIMPMOBILE as

THE GRENADE

crashes through the window and falls towards them.

THE CROWD

scatters.

ANGLE ON PIMPMOBILE

as the GRENADE lands in it and IT EXPLODES!

ANGLE ON VICTOR

VICTOR

Shit.

CUT TO:

48 DELETED

48

49 INT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

49

ANGLE ON MAIN ENTRANCE

where TWO SECURITY GUARDS watch DEBBIE and CINDY, two pretty teenage girls, walk past, heading for the mall. DEBBIE smiles and winks at the FIRST GUARD. He smiles back. The SECOND GUARD turns and stares at him.

The mall is filled with a LARGE CROWD OF SHOPPERS and festooned with LAVISH CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. The SHOPPERS are loaded down with packages, but despite the CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS MUSIC playing over the INTERCOM, there is an undercurrent of unease.

ANGLE ON DEPARTMENT STORE PERFUME COUNTER -

A FATHER and DAUGHTER are testing different brands of perfume. The DAUGHTER rubs some perfume on her wrist and smells it.

DAUGHTER

This is nice.

Her FATHER smells it.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

As they talk, WE SEE A MAN In the b.g. talking to a CLERK. He sets his shopping bag down at his feet as he talks to her. WE RECOGNIZE him: it's KURT! The "Christmas present" from Nikko is visible poking out of the top of the bag.

FATHER

I think I got that for her last year.

DAUGHTER

Then she probably needs some more.

FATHER

I don't know. Maybe we should get her a nightgown.

DAUGHTER

You buy her a nightgown for her birthday every year even though she hasn't worn one since you've been married.

In the b.g. KURT thanks the CLERK and walks away from the counter.

DAUGHTER

Daddy, that man left his bag.

The FATHER hurries over and picks it up. He looks for KURT and sees him leaving the store.

FATHER

Hey, you forgot your bag!

KURT keeps going. The FATHER hurries after him.

ANGLE ON FOUNTAIN AREA IN FRONT OF STORE

as KURT hurries out into the CROWD. The FATHER moves quickly after him.

FATHER

Hey, your bag!

KURT turns. He sees the FATHER, and moves faster, jarring SHOPPERS who turn to stare at him.

THE FATHER

is closing in weaving in and out of the CROWD, getting closer and closer to KURT when

THREE TERRS,

twenty feet away, draw AUTOMATIC WEAPONS and fire.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

THE FATHER FALLS

into the FOUNTAIN, still clutching the package.

KURT AND THE TERRS

hurry away as SHOPPERS stream past them to investigate or run for cover.

KURT

Where are the others?

ANGLE ON FATHER

as HSOPPERS crowd around him.

THE DAUGHTER breaks through the crowd.

DAUGHTER

Daddy!!!.

ANGLE ON FOUNTAIN

as the BOMB IN THE PACKAGE EXPLODES, killing and injuring many of the surrounding SHOPPERS and filling the air with thick rancid smoke.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE - THE SECURITY GUARDS

charge into the mall, fumbling as they draw their REVOLVERS.

They're heading striaght for KURT and THE TERRS, but can't get a clear shot because of the scrambling SHOPPERS in the way.

KURT AND THE TERRS

open fire cutting down HALF A DOZEN SHOPPERS in order to get to the SECURITY GUARDS. THE MALL SANTA runs for cover.

SHOPPERS

scream and scatter, running back into the mall.

KURT and the TERRS turn on the fleeing SHOPPERS, but before they can open fire

MATT's TRUCK

CRASHES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE DOORS BEHIND THEM AND ROARS DOWN ON THEM.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

KURT and TWO TERRS scramble out of the way, but the THIRD TERR is hit by THE TRUCK and thrown into the air.

ANGLE ON SHOP WINDOW

as the THIRD TERR crashes through the window, bowling over the MANNIKINS like tenpins.

ANGLE ON KURT AND TWO TERRS

as they open fire on THE TRUCK with SMGS.

ANGLE ON TRUCK

as the windshield and body are stitched with bullets. THE TRUCK makes a sharp turn, out of control.

ANGLE ON STORE WINDOW

as THE TRUCK crashes through it and stops. There is no sign of movement from the cab.

KURT AND THE TERRS advance cautiously towards THE TRUCK.

MATT kicks the door open, smashing the SECOND TERR away. He draws 2 INGRAM MAC-10 SMGS from twin shoulder holsters and jumps out, SMGS blazing.

THE SECOND TERR

is shot.

ANGLE ON CHRISTMAS DIORAMA

* as KURT and the FIRST TERR dive for cover behind it while MATT fires at them. *

* KURT and the FIRST TERR fire back. *

ANGLE ON MATT

* as he moves to a new position, firing on the run and keeping KURT and the FIRST TERR pinned down. *

ANGLE ON THE TWO TERRS

* from the "Corazon" as they appear on the scene. Each carries a GRENADE LAUNCHER and fires at MATT. *

ANGLE ON THE STORE

* behind MATT as the TWO GRENADES strike it and blow it up. *

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

KURT AND THE FIRST TERR

make a run for it.

MATT

moves after them, firing and diving for cover behind
a Christmas diorama

THE TWO TERRS

fire the GRENADE LAUNCHERS

THE CHRISTMAS DIORAMA

explodes as MATT dives away. A STORE next to him is also
hit and blown up,

ANGLE ON NEW PICKUP TRUCK

on display on a raised platform as KURT and the FIRST TERR reach it

ANGLE ON PICKUP WINDOW

as KURT shatters it with the butt of his SMG. He reaches in and unlocks
the door, then throws it open and slides behind the wheel.

ANGLE ON MATT

moving as ANOTHER STORE blows up in front of him.

ANGLE ON NEW PICKUP

as KURT hotwires the starter.

The ENGINE STARTS WITH A ROAR and the FIRST TERR jumps into
the passenger seat.

ANGLES ON THE TWO TERRS

as they fire their GRENADE LAUNCHERS again while moving back towards
the PICKUP

MATT

keeps firing, even as STORES on either side of him are blowing up

ONE TERR

is cut down

THE OTHER TERR

jumps into the back of the PICKUP and fires again

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

MATT

moves and fires as a Christmas diorama explodes next to him.

THE OTHER TERR

is blown out of the back of the PICKUP by MATT's bullets.

KURT

hits the gas.

THE PICKUP

jumps off the platform.

ANGLE ON PICKUP

as it lands and bounces and MATT jumps onto the running board on the passenger side.

FIRST TERR'S POV - MATT

* wrestles the FIRST TERR's weapon away from him and ... *
punches him in the face. KURT can't get a shot at MATT
because the FIRST TERR is in the way.

ANGLE ON PICKUP

as it careens through the mall with MATT hanging on the side and punching the FIRST TERR. It crashes through TWO CHRISTMAS DIORAMAS, destroying them, but MATT manages to hang on.

ANGLE ON MAJOR DEPARTMENT STORE

as the PICKUP blasts into it, scattering SHOPPERS and running through and over displays of toys, dishes, glassware, etc.

MATT

continues to hang on, punching the FIRST TERR into semi-consciousness.

THE PICKUP

swerves around the escalators, where SHOPPERS are trying to scramble to safety. It runs down some high fashion clothing mannikins as it heads towards a window.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

as the PICKUP runs over the toy display there and crashes through the glass with MATT still holding on.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING MALL - - ON STORE WINDOW NIGHT

50

as the PICKUP crashes through it and lands in the street.

The impact throws MATT off the PICKUP.

THE PICKUP

slides into a car.

Matt

dives for cover and comes up shooting.

CINDY AND DEBBIE

who have taken cover behind a CAR near the PICKUP scream and run

ANGLE ON MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE

as it screeches to a stop, almost hitting MATT.

MATT

stops firing, fearful of hitting the GIRLS.

KURT

reaches out the window and grabs DEBBIE by the hair, pulling her back against the PICKUP as a shield. He grabs her around the waist and holds her against the door.

ANGLE ON DEBBIES FEET

as they are yanked off the ground as the PICKUP takes off.

CINDY

runs after the PICKUP, trying to save DEBBIE.

CINDY

Debbie!

THE FIRST TERR

leans out the window and fires at her.

MATT

charges after CINDY and tackles her, knocking her out of the way of the bullets at the last possible second.

(CONTINUED)

* 50

50

*

* THE PICKUP

* speeds away, disappearing into the PARKING LOT.

MCGUIRE (O.S.)

Hey, cowboy!

MATT turns.

MCGUIRE

stands up in the MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE and snaps his picture with a motor-driven CAMERA.

MCGUIRE

Thanks.

MATT

charges towards the MUSTANG and MCGUIRE quickly sits back down, unsure of his intentions. She scrambles into the passenger seat as he vaults over the driver's door and takes the wheel.

MATT stomps on the gas and the MUSTANG lays rubber as it roars off after the PICKUP, almost throwing MCGUIRE into the back seat.

MCGUIRE recovers and MATT tries to control the MUSTANG as MCGUIRE tries to sock him. MATT blocks her blow.

THE MUSTANG

sideswipes A SEDAN trying to turn in front of it.

MCGUIRE

(recovering)

Shit, cowboy, where'd you learn to drive?

MATT doesn't answer. She snaps his picture again, clearly annoying him.

ANGLE ON MAIN ROAD

in front of mall as the MUSTANG bounces over the sidewalk

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTINUED:

50

onto it, causing TWO ONCOMING POLICE CARS to brake and crash.

The JEEP doesn't slow down, but screeches off in pursuit of the PICKUP.

MCGUIRE (O.S.)

This better be good, cowboy. This car isn't paid for.

CUT TO:

51 INT. SUBURBAN MALL - NIGHT

51

THE THIRD TERR

tries to crawl out of the window over the mannikins, dragging a bleeding leg. He is bruised and sweating from the pain and his exertions.

He keeps crawling until SOMEONE steps in front of him, blocking his path. He looks up anxiously and recognizes THE DAUGHTER of the man he killed moments ago.

THE DAUGHTER is dirty and disheveled and bleeding from a cut on her forehead. Her eyes are cold and hard, as is her expression.

OTHER SHOPPERS slowly gather around THE DAUGHTER, facing the THIRD TERR: MEN AND WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD. Most are injured in some way. All are staring coldly at the THIRD TERR.

THE THIRD TERR tries to move back from the menacing CROWD, but there is no place to go.

THIRD TERR

No...don't...

The CROWD closes in on him in a mad silent rush.

THIRD TERR (O.S.)

(Agonizing scream cut off abruptly)

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

52

ON PICKUP TRUCK

as it races down the street, going right through a RED LIGHT, causing THREE CARS to crash into each other to avoid hitting it.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

DEBBIE is still struggling as KURT holds her against the cab.

ANGLE ON INTERSECTION

as the JEEP screeches into view and does a sliding turn through it, clipping the back of one of the WRECKED CARS.

MCGUIRE

Hope you go insurance, cowboy.

ANGLE ON PICKUP.

zooming down the street as the JEEP races up behind it.

THE JEEP tries to move up on the PICKUP's right side, but the PICKUP cuts it off, sideswiping a CAR.

THE FIRST TERR

leans out the window and fires at the JEEP with his SMG.

THE JEEP

turns sharply as bullets stitch the windshield.

MCGUIRE

ducks. She turns to MATT and stares coldly at him. She is cut off abruptly as MATT stomps on the gas and the JEEP leaps ahead, throwing her off balance.

THE JEEP

starts to pull up along the left side of the PICKUP.

KURT

turns the wheel, still holding DEBBIE as she continues to struggle.

THE PICKUP

slides towards the JEEP almost crushing DEBBIE against it. The JEEP moves away, then moves back into position and the PICKUP slides towards it again as DEBBIE screams.

THE JEEP

shoots forward.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

MCGUIRE

sits up just as MATT aims his SMG out her window, the barrel inches from her face.

MATT'S POV - DEBBIE

makes it impossible for him to get a clear shot.

THE FIRST TERR

leans over the top of the cab and opens fire.

THE JEEP

slows down to escape the line of fire.

MATT

When we get close, grab the girl.

MCGUIRE

What?!

MATT

Get ready.

THE JEEP

moves up again, getting dangerously close to the PICKUP.

THE FIRST TERR smashes the back window of the cab and fires at the JEEP through it.

ANGLE ON JEEP AND PICKUP

as they close and MCGUIRE leans out the window trying to grab DEBBIE.

THE PICKUP

swerves, trying to crush the JEEP against the PARKED CARS on the side of the street, but the JEEP maintains its position.

ANGLE ON DEBBIE

as MCGUIRE grabs her blouse. The blouse starts to tear away before MCGUIRE can get a firm grip on her.

MCGUIRE

reaches out with both arms, leaning halfway out the window, and grabs DEBBIE around the waist. She pulls on her, but

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

KURT

pulls back, turning the wheel so the PICKUP almost pulls them apart.

THE JEEP

follow suit and MCGUIRE keeps pulling.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

half falling out of the window, as MATT grabs her belt and yanks hard.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as MCGUIRE, with MATT's help, pulls her loose.

ANGLE ON JEEP

as MCGUIRE tries to pull DEBBIE into the window. The PICKUP moves towards the JEEP.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

MCGUIRE

Goddamit, cowboy, don't you know
how to drive!!!??

CLOSE ON GAS PEDAL

as MATT stomps it to the floor.

THE JEEP

takes off like a shot, leaving the PICKUP behind like it was standing still.

ANGLE ON JEEP

as MATT hits the brakes, throwing it into a tire-smoking 540 degree spin with MCGUIRE still holding DEBBIE out the window.

THE JEEP

stops for a beat and DEBBIE climbs in as the PICKUP races towards it, the FIRST TERR firing out his window.

THE JEEP suddenly blasts forward, heading straight for the oncoming PICKUP.

THE PICKUP

swerves out of the JEEP's path at the last instant.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

MATT

fires his SMG out his window with his left hand.

THE PICKUP'S WINDSHIELD

is riddled with bullets and both KURT and the FIRST
TERR are shot.

THE PICKUP

goes out of control, crashing up and over SEVERAL PARKED
CARS and landing on its roof, then bursting into flames.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE AND DEBBIE

staring back as the PICKUP EXPLODES!

MCGUIRE

picks up her CAMERA and snaps one last shot of MATT.

MCGUIRE

Thanks for the ride, cowboy.

MATT

grabs the CAMERA out of her hand, opens the back, and
yanks the film out, exposing it, all in one swift
movement before she has time to react.

MATT

(handing CAMERA back to her)
Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

53 INT. OLD BASEMENT - NIGHT

53

TOMAS

is thrown roughly up against the damp brick wall.

ROSTOV grabs the front of his shirt savagely. WE SEE
NIKKO in the b.g.

ROSTOV

(quietly)
What did you tell him?

TOMAS

(shouting, scared)
You're crazy! Hunter is dead!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ROSTOV

Your failure to go shopping with
us earlier was most inconsiderate.

TOMAS

I got messed up. I was with some chick...

ROSTOV elbows him in the stomach, cutting him off.

ROSTOV

You talked to Hunter, didn't you?
(mockingly)
How can this be? I killed him.

TOMAS is silent.

ROSTOV

Didn't I?

ROSTOV hits him again.

TOMAS

Yes!

ROSTOV hits him again.

ROSTOV

But he was there and you were not..
How can this be? There is one way this
can be...You talked to him...What did
he say?

ROSTOV hits TOMAS yet again.

ROSTOV

(shouting)

What did he say?!

ROSTOV hits TOMAS once again.

TOMAS

(defiantly)

He said ...to tell you..."It's
time to die".

TOMAS spits at ROSTOV.

ROSTOV

whips out a .45 AUTOMATIC and fires point blank into
TOMAS four times.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

NIKKO

NIKKO

Mikal!

ROSTOV

(in Russian)

(I have to kill him!)

NIKKO

(in Russian)

(We cannot be distracted from our work here!)

ROSTOV

(It will be done! Now!)

NIKKO

(We can't afford to divert our men from their assignments to try and find just one man.)

ROSTOV

(I will do it myself.)

NIKKO

(No, Mikal. They are all expendable, but without you to hold it together the Operation will fall apart. Without your leadership they would be disorganized, undisciplined petty criminals. They are nothing without you!)

CUT TO:

54 INT. SUBURBAN SHOPPING MALL - DAY

54

HARPER

fits a final piece into the F.B.I. INDENTIKIT COMPOSITE of MATT as CASSIDY and DEBBIE watch.

In the b.g. WE SEE SIX F.B.I. AGENTS working.

DEBBIE

That's pretty close.

CASSIDY

(to Harper)

Run him down and get it out to everyone.....

(to Debbie)

Thank you. You can go home now.

HARPER hurries away as CASSIDY nods at AN AGENT who

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

leads DEBBIE away.

JOHNSTON

joins CASSIDY, handing him a newspaper. The headline reads:
"LONE VIGILANTE DEALS TERRORISTS FIRST SETBACK!!!"

CASSIDY tosses the paper into a trashcan. WE SEE that he
is not pleased.

CASSIDY and JOHNSTON move towards the exit.

CASSIDY

What about the vehicle this "hero"
was driving?

JOHNSTON

It took us right back to where we
started. It's owned by some Indian
over in Alligator Alley.

CASSIDY

What's he got to say?

JOHNSTON

Nothing. He's dead...and by the way,
the truck disappeared from the impound
yard two hours ago.

CASSIDY

We're doin' one hell of a job, aren't
we?

JOHNSTON

Almost half our people called in sick
this last shift. We think they're
staying home to protect their families...
The police are in worse shape...and armed
citizens have taken to the streets.

CASSIDY glances at his watch.

CASSIDY

They won't be lonely...The Guard
hit the streets fifteen minutes ago...

CUT TO:

55

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

55

ON ALL-AMERICAN HOUSE

On the quiet street. All is peaceful until WE HEAR a
loud harsh mechanical rumble moving closer and a

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

TANK

clanks slowly past the house, followed by a foot patrol of TWELVE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN in full combat gear carrying M-16's.

As the TANK and FOOT PATROL disappear up the street, the TRUCK rolls out from a hiding place between two houses and moves quickly away in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

56 INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

56

ROSTOV

addresses SIX TERRS who are almost completely hidden by the shadows in the room. WE BOOM TOWARDS HIM as he speaks.

ROSTOV

(continuing)

...and you will concentrate on the prisons...break the prisoners out... set them free...make the Americans fear themselves.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

57

ON TRUCK

as it races down the deserted street.

ANGLE ON CORNER

as the TRUCK screeches around it and MATT hits the brakes, throwing it into a screeching U-turn.

ANGLE ON INTERSECTION

where NATIONAL GUARDSMEN are piling out of TWO DEUCE AND A HALF-TRUCKS and erecting a barbed wire and sand-bag barricade across the intersection under the protection of a TANK.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. MIAMI ALLEY - NIGHT

58

ON TRUCK

hiding in the dark alley with its motor and lights off as TWO NATIONAL GUARD PATROL JEEPS, each carrying

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

THREE GUARDSMEN and an M-60 MACHINEGUN each pass by on the street. THREE DEUCE AND A HALF TRUCKS follow.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - NIGHT

59

THE TRUCK

screeches around a corner and MATT slams on the brakes, throwing it into a broadside skid that almost hits THE BARRICADE that blocks the street.

THE BARRICADE is made up of cars, old mattresses, boxes and furniture. BONFIRES in oil drums ILLUMINATE the scene. A burned out POLICE CAR lies in the street beyond.

SIX VIGILANTES, identified by the WHITE RAGS tied about their upper left arms, and armed with a VARIETY OF WEAPONS, are manning the BARRICADE.

FIRST VIGILANTE

Anybody know him?

He looks at the others and they shake their heads "no".

MATT stomps on the gas. THE TRUCK burns rubber as it makes a U-turn.

THE VIGILANTES all open fire on THE TRUCK as it races back around the corner.

THE VIGILANTES stop firing, proud that they've run off a potential enemy.

FIRST VIGILANTE

He'll think twice before he comes back to this neighborhood.

ANGLE ON TRUCK

as it screeches back around the corner and races straight for the BARRICADE. The VIGILANTES scatter, afraid of being run down.

ANGLE ON BARRICADE

as THE TRUCK jumps it, sending pieces of it flying through the air.

ANGLE ON TRUCK

as it lands on the street on the far side of the barricade and swerves to avoid the BURNED OUT POLICE CAR.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

TWO VIGILANTES recover fast enough to fire a few wild shots after it as MATT steps on the gas and the TRUCK disappears down the street.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. MIAMI STREET - NIGHT

60

ON MATT'S TRUCK

as it speeds through a deserted intersection, going right through a red light.

ANGLE ON NATIONAL GUARD JEEP

carrying TWO GUARDSMEN, as it turns onto the street and races after the TRUCK.

ANGLE ON MATT

as the JEEP pulls up next to him and the FIRST GUARDSMAN motions for him to pull over. MATT slows down and stops.

ANGLE ON JEEP

as it pulls up behind the TRUCK, illuminating it with its bright headlights.

WE SEE THE SECOND GUARDSMAN on the radio as THE FIRST GUARDSMAN gets out of the car.

THE FIRST GUARDSMAN moves cautiously towards the driver's door as THE SECOND GUARDSMAN takes up a position just off the rear bumper. He carries an M-16.

THE FIRST GUARDSMAN unbuttons his holster as he walks.

ANGLE ON SECOND JEEP

carrying TWO GUARDSMEN, as it pulls up in front of the TRUCK, boxing it in and spotlighting it with its bright headlight.

WE RECOGNIZE KOYO in the passenger seat. Although he is dressed in a NATIONAL GUARD uniform, he still wears his mirror sunglasses.

He gets out of the JEEP and starts towards the TRUCK, carrying an M-16.

ANGLE ON MATT

as the FIRST GUARDSMAN reaches the window.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

FIRST GUARDSMAN
Do you have any I.D.?

MATT
Sure.

MATT'S POV - KOYO

moves towards the TRUCK.

MATT

turns away from the window as if reaching for his wallet
and the FIRST GUARDSMAN raises his PISTOL.

MATT

spins back around drawing an INGRAM from his shoulder
holster before the FIRST GUARDSMAN can open fire.
MATT blows him away with a short burst.

KOYO

fires at the cab.

THE SECOND GUARDSMAN

fires at the cab.

MATT

dives out the passenger door as bullets rake the cab
behind him.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he hits the ground and rolls, coming up shooting.

THE SECOND GUARDSMAN

is riddled.

MATT

crouches, waiting for the TERRS to make a move.

MATT'S POV - KOYO'S FEET

are visible beneath the cab, moving towards the rear
as he tries to take MATT from behind.

MATT

fires at KOYO's feet and KOYO goes down, howling in pain.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

THE THIRD GUARDSMAN

crouches behind the SECOND JEEP, watching for MATT.

MATT suddenly appears behind him. MATT kicks his feet out from under him and he loses his M-16 as he tumbles to the ground.

MATT pulls him to his feet and then shoves him to the ground next to KOYO, who is groaning and clutching his wounded ankle.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he looms over both men. He draws his .45.

MATT

I'm kinda lonely tonight.
Anybody like talking?

He looks at KOYO. KOYO spits at him.

KOYO

(in Japanese)
(Go screw yourself!)

MATT shoots him.

THE THIRD GUARDSMAN

reacts, terrified, as MATT turns the .45 on him.

MATT

How about you?

THIRD GUARDSMAN

Okay...okay...don't shoot...don't
kill me...

MATT

Where's Rostov?

THIRD GUARDSMAN

I don't know..He's in the field.
Leading some of the operations...

MATT

I'm listening.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. URBAN CHURCH - NIGHT - ON ROOF

61

as a NATIONAL GUARD HELICOPTER roars over it, flashing a blinding SEARCHLIGHT over the CHURCH and surrounding area as it moves down the street and over the houses.

GUARDSMAN (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

...All citizens are urged to stay off the streets. I repeat: Stay off the streets. They are not safe...Stay in your homes...

ANGLE ON FATHER AND MOTHER

hugging their TWO SMALL CHILDREN in the shadow of a building across the street from the church. They watch the HELICOPTER fearfully.

GUARDSMAN (O.S.)

(continuing)

...Do not leave your homes...
All citizens are urged to stay off the streets...

THE HELICOPTER

disappears over the city, the sounds of the rotor and loudspeaker fading.

ANGLE ON FATHER AND MOTHER

as they peer around the corner of the building and check the street. It's empty. FIRES burn in the distance.

The FATHER takes ONE CHILD in his arms and the MOTHER takes the hand of the SECOND CHILD and they run out into the street towards the church.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he steps out of the darkness across the street. FIVE TERRS appear behind him. We don't know if they are going after the family or not.

ANGLE ON CHURCH

as the FAMILY runs up the steps to the doors. The MOTHER knocks furtively and a beat later an ELDERLY DEACON opens the door a crack, recognizes them and lets them in.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:-

61

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he moves across the street towards the church,
followed by the FIVE TERRS. TWO carry a large container
of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE. ONE carries a DETONATOR. ANOTHER
carries a large roll of DETONATOR WIRE.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

62

THE CONGREGATION

fills the small church. It consists of FAMILIES OF
ALL RACES: MOTHERS, FATHERS, CHILDREN and GRANDPARENTS.
Fear is etched deeply on every face. They have come
here for comfort and reassurance.

ANGLE ON PASTOR

an intense sweating man who is trying to hide his
own fear for the sake of his congregation.

PASTOR

(continuing)

...Oh, Lord, our God, help and protect.
Thy children in this our hour of need...

He stops suddenly and stares fearfully towards the rear
of the chapel.

THE ENTIRE CONGREGATION

turns to follow his gaze, fearing the worst.

ANGLE ON CHAPEL DOOR

as the FATHER pushes it fully open to admit his
FAMILY. They look sheepish as they see everyone
staring at them.

THE CONGREGATION

turns back to the PASTOR with an audible release of
tension.

PASTOR

An evil stalks the land...a pestilence
that we do not understand and are
powerless to oppose. It pits brother
against brother...

CUT TO:

63

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

63

ROSTOV

finishes placing the PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE charge against the church wall beneath the STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

TWO TERRS start to place the priming wires while the THIRD TERR readies the spool of wire. THE FOURTH TERR stands guard.

ANGLE ON CHURCH GARAGE

as the FIFTH TERR is setting up the DETONATOR behind it, at a safe distance from the blast.

ANGLE ON MAN

as he moves quickly through the shadows towards ROSTOV and the TERRS.

THE FOURTH TERR starts to fire at him, then lowers his SMG as NIKKO steps out of the darkness.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV AND NIKKO

as ROSTOV inserts the detonating device into the PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE.

NIKKO

(quietly in Russian)

(Hunter killed KOYO and the others.)

ROSTOV

(In Russian)

(Send someone else.)

NIKKO

(Mikal, we can't.)

ROSTOV

(to Fifth Terr in German)

(Finish it.)

ROSTOV stalks away into the night. NIKKO swears under his breath and goes after him.

ANGLE ON TWO TERRS

as they back away from the CHARGE, carrying the SPOOL OF WIRE as the THIRD TERR plays it out behind them.

The FOURTH TERR moves beside them, watching for trouble.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT -

64

ON FAMILY

and CONGREGATION staring hopefully towards the altar.

PASTOR

(continuing)

...Let us pray...Our Father...

CONGREGATION

...Who art in Heaven, hallowed by
Thy Name...

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

65

ON CHURCH GARAGE

as the FOUR TERRS join the FIFTH TERR at the DETONATOR.

ANGLE ON DETONATOR

as the FIFTH TERR hooks up the wires. He smiles as
he twists the handle, setting off the charge.

NOTHING HAPPENS.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he appears on the edge of the roof above the FIVE
TERRS carrying the EXPLOSIVE CHARGE.

MATT

Something go wrong?

He drops the CHARGE and WE SEE that it is still attached
to the wires.

ANGLE ON TERRS

as the CHARGE lands at their feet. They expect it to
go off, but it doesn't.

ANGLE ON MATT

MATT

Maybe I can fix it.

He holds up the severed detonating wire and touches
the bare ends of the wire together, completing the
circuit.

THE CHARGE

EXPLODES, killing FOUR TERRS as the FIFTH TERR dives
out of the way.

CUT TO:

66 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

66

THE FAMILY, PASTOR and CONGREGATION react to the explosion by falling into a terrified silence.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - ON CHURCH GARAGE

67

where MATT sees the FIFTH TERR scramble to his feet and start to run.

MATT runs along the edge of the roof parallel to the FIFTH TERR, then leaps off, driving him to the ground with a flying tackle.

MATT AND THE FIFTH TERR

grapple for a moment, each trying to gain the advantage.

MATT elbows him in the face and rolls away. He scrambles to his feet as the FIFTH TERR does likewise.

THE MEN

exchange several blows and then MATT unleashes a barrage of powerful kicks and punches that drive the FIFTH TERR back up against the wall of the garage.

MATT

grabs the TERR's hair and pulls his head back.

MATT

Some days just nothing goes right.

He drives a tremendously powerful heart punch straight to its target and the TERR crumples to the ground.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - ON PASTOR

68

straining to hear any more sounds of violence. He fights back his own fear and turns to the FEARFUL CONGREGATION.

PASTOR

(starts singing appropriate hymn.)

He sings alone for a few bars, then

THE FAMILY

joins in, followed by the entire CONGREGATION.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

69

THE TRUCK

moves past, disappearing into the night, as THE HYMN GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER, PROUD AND DEFIANT.

In the distance WE SEE FIRES burning.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - ON SHELF

70

where ONE CAN OF BEANS remains. WE SEE that the price has been crossed out several times: from 83¢ to \$1.10 to the final price of \$1.76. WE HEAR ANGRY SHOUTS in the b.g.

MANAGER (O.S.)

(continuing)

...We're sorry, but due to the deteriorating situation on the highways, we have no fresh meat or produce again today...

TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN reach for the CAN at the same time. The FIRST WOMAN grabs it, but the SECOND WOMAN tries to wrestle it away from her.

WE SEE that half the shelves along the aisle are bare.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she snaps pictures of the TWO WOMEN fighting. A BURLY STOCKER carrying a SHOTGUN tries to break the fight up and MCGUIRE snaps pictures of his efforts.

ANGLE ON CHECKOUT LINES

as MCGUIRE takes photos of the action:

DOZENS OF DESPERATE PEOPLE are milling out in lines at each of the check stands, each clutching a small number of items.

THE MANAGER holds the microphone as he watches the store. He has a PISTOL stuck in his belt and is flanked by TWO STOCKERS carrying RIFLES.

MANAGER

(continuing)

...in order to insure that there will be enough of our remaining canned stock to go around, we must once again limit your purchases to twelve items each....

CUT TO:

71 EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

71

A NATIONAL GUARD PATROL JEEP

cruises slowly past, its M-60 manned by an alert GUARDSMAN. In the b.g. WE SEE A BURNED-OUT POLICE CAR and TWO MORE BURNED-OUT VEHICLES.

MCGUIRE

snaps a photo of the JEEP as she exits the store.

ANGLE ON LINE OF ANXIOUS PEOPLE

lined up outside the store, waiting to be let in a few at a time by an ARMED STOCKER, as MCGUIRE takes photos of them.

ANGLE ON SUPERMARKET WINDOWS

as MCGUIRE takes photos of the large signs that cover them:

"SOME NAME BRANDS STILL AVAILABLE!!!"

"LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE!!!"

SIX NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

move down the street towards the store. They are dressed in full combat gear and carry M-16's.

MCGUIRE

photographs the GUARDSMEN as they stop across from the store for a smoke. SEVERAL light cigarettes and they slowly amble on, spreading out, as one ties a bootlace and another fumbles for a match.

A GUARDSMAN

turns to face the store and MCGUIRE snaps his picture. It's NIKKO!

NIKKO casually raises his M-16.

THE FIVE OTHER GUARDSMEN

follow his lead.

MCGUIRE

is puzzled.

MCGUIRE

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

ANGLE ON NIKKO AND FIVE GUARDSMEN

as they prepare to open fire on the unsuspecting
PEOPLE in front of the store and

MATT'S TRUCK

CRASHES RIGHT OUT OF THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING BEHIND
THEM!!!

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she starts to take photos of the action and the PEOPLE
as they scatter.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he pokes an INGRAM out the window and fires.

THE FIRST AND SECOND GUARDSMAN

are cut down.

ANGLE ON NIKKO

firing at the TRUCK.

ANGLE ON TRUCK

making a screeching U-turn and racing back towards
NIKKO and the surviving TWO GUARDSMEN.

NIKKO

dives out of the way at the last moment before the TRUCK
can run him down.

MATT

fires out the window at the THIRD GUARDSMAN as the TRUCK
races past him.

THE THIRD GUARDSMAN goes down.

ANGLE ON FOURTH GUARDSMAN

as he breaks and runs down the sidewalk with the TRUCK
roaring right after him.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKO

and the FIFTH GUARDSMAN sprint across the street towards the store where MCGUIRE is still snapping pictures.

They open fire, shooting down the ARMED STOCKER.

THE TWO ARMED STOCKERS

from inside the store charge out into the sidewalk, firing at NIKKO and the FIFTH GUARDSMAN.

THE FIFTH GUARDSMAN

is blown back ten feet by a shotgun blast.

NIKKO

returns fire, cutting BOTH STOCKERS down. A STOCKER falls dead next to MCGUIRE.

ANGLE ON FOURTH GUARDSMAN

as the TRUCK pulls up right next to him and MATT shoots him down.

NIKKO

starts to fire at the TRUCK, but runs out of ammo. He throws the M-16 away and draws a .45 automatic.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as NIKKO grabs her and she tries unsuccessfully to fight him off.

NIKKO holds her in front of him like a shield while he fires at the TRUCK, which has stopped down the street. WE SEE that the driver's door is open and the cab is empty. There is no sign of MATT.

NIKKO

jams the muzzle of the .45 against MCGUIRE'S temple.

NIKKO

Hunter!

There is no answer. NIKKO backs down the sidewalk, away from the TRUCK and store, keeping his PISTOL to MCGUIRE'S temple.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED:

71 *

MATT

Where's ROSTOV?

NIKKO

I'll kill her!

MATT

No you won't.

MCGUIRE

Yes he will, you shit!

ANGLE ON CORNER OF STORE

as NIKKO grabs MCGUIRE around it, keeping the PISTOL in place. He looks all around for any sign of MATT, but sees nothing.

MATT

I want Rostov. I'm not bargaining for anything less.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

CLOSE ON NIKKO AND MCGUIRE

backing up slowly. NIKKO is nervous.

MATT suddenly reaches into FRAME and grabs NIKKO's hand and the .45, pulling the PISTOL back away from MCGUIRE.

The PISTOL goes off as it reaches NIKKO's own head, killing him instantly.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she falls to the ground with NIKKO on top of her.

MATT casually kicks NIKKO's body off of her and she scrambles to her feet, splattered with NIKKO's blood.

MCGUIRE

You coulda killed me, you stupid bastard!

She swings hard at MATT's head. MATT blocks the blow nonchalantly, hurting MCGUIRE's wrist.

MCGUIRE

Owww! Shit!

MATT

Sorry.

MCGUIRE

Sorry?!

She swings at him with her other hand. He blocks the blow easily again, hurting her other wrist.

MCGUIRE

Aahhh! You son of a bitch!

Frustrated, she looks around angrily for a weapon and spots some old trash cans standing nearby. She starts towards them.

MATT

I guess I'd better leave before you get mad.

He walks away as she picks up a trash can. Trash spills out of it.

She throws it at him, but it misses by a mile, landing behind him with a loud crash. He ignores it and keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

ANGLE ON SUPERMARKET

as MATT drives past in the TRUCK and MCGUIRE runs out into the street. He swerves to avoid her and she throws a BOTTLE at the TRUCK. It breaks harmlessly on the cab.

MATT

waves a casual farewell as MCGUIRE reacts angrily behind him.

CUT TO:

72. EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

72

ON SCHOOLBUS

as PARENTS take their CHILDREN to it. Both PARENTS and CHILDREN carry suitcases. All look unhappy. All the CHILDREN have large name and address tags hanging around their necks.

SIX ARMED VIGILANTES

both MEN and WOMEN, identified by identical blue baseball caps, guard the perimeter of the parking lot.

ANGLE ON PARENTS AND CHILD

as they move through the CROWD towards the bus.

CHILD

But, Mommy, I don't want to go. I want to stay here with you and Daddy.

MOTHER

It's not safe here anymore, honey. You'll be better off in the country away from...everything.

CHILD

But, Mommy...

MOTHER

(interrupting)

We'll all be together again soon.

ANGLE ON BUS DOOR

where FATHER and MOTHER hug the CHILD. All have tears in their eyes as the CHILD climbs into the BUS carrying the suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

72

*

ANGLE ON PARENTS

waving farewell as the BUS pulls out of the lot behind a VIGILANTE GUARD CAR and moves out of sight.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - THE SCHOOLBUS.

73

and VIGILANTE CAR pass A SEDAN sitting back on a side road. After the BUS and CAR pass, the SEDAN pulls out after them. FOUR TERRS are in the SEDAN.

ANGLE ON BUS AND CARS

rolling through the countryside. The CHILDREN are singing.

ANGLE ON SEDAN

as THE TERR in the back seat on the driver's side primes a magnetic mine. WE SEE that it's set to go off in 3 minutes.

ANGLE ON BUS

as the SEDAN suddenly accelerates towards it, swerving onto the shoulder and pulling up next to it.

THE TERR

slaps the mine on the side of the bus as SEVERAL CHILDREN watch. The SEDAN drops back behind the BUS.

ANGLE ON SEDAN

as it pulls out and speeds around the BUS and past the VIGILANTE CAR. It races away.

THE CHILDREN

are leaning out the windows looking curiously at the mine, not realizing what it is.

ANGLE ON BUS DRIVER

looking in the rear-view mirror at the CHILDREN leaning out the windows.

DRIVER

Hey, sit down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

THE CHILDREN

sit down, but still peer out the window.

ANGLE ON MINE

as the time ticks away. It's down to 1 1/2 minutes

ANGLE ON MATT'S TRUCK

as it comes flying up behind the BUS. It starts to pull onto the shoulder, but

THE SHOULDER

is torn up for roadwork and MATT has to pull back.

ANGLE ON MINE

as the time continues to tick away. Only 1 1/4 minutes are left.

ANGLE ON MATT'S TRUCK

as tries to pull out again, but

MORE ROAD WORK

prevents him and the TRUCK drops back again.

THE CHILDREN

are watching, excited, as

MATT

pulls out again.

THE TRUCK

jumps over a pile of dirt and ditch and lands next to the BUS.

THE CHILDREN

jump up, excited, as

MATT

grabs the mine and stomps on the gas.

CONTINUED

* 73

CONTINUED:

THE TRUCK

crashes through a series of barriers as it zooms past the BUS and pulls back onto the road in front of the VIGILANTE CAR.

MATT

glances at the mine. Only 50 seconds are left.

ANGLE ON THE TERR SEDAN

as the TRUCK races up behind it and pulls alongside on the shoulder. The TERRS look over at the TRUCK.

ANGLE ON MATT

as he holds up the mine.

MATT

Lose this?

THE TERRS

react as MATT slaps the mine on the hood of the SEDAN. Only seconds remain on the timer.

THE TRUCK

roars away into a TUNNEL.

THE SEDAN

fishtails into the TUNNEL as the driver hits the brakes.

ANGLE ON SEDAN

as it EXPLODES.

ANGLE ON MOUTH OF TUNNEL

as the TRUCK roars out of it with a fireball from the explosion right behind it.

THE TRUCK

speeds away as smoke pours out of the TUNNEL behind it.

CUT TO:

74

DELETED

74

75

DELETED

75

76

DELETED

76

77 INT. ART DECO MOTEL ROOM - DAY

77

ADAMS

leans back in a chair, looking up at MATT, who towers over him. MATT throws a newspaper on the table next to ADAMS. The headlines scream: "38 CHILDREN SLAUGHTERED IN BUS BOMBING!!!"

ADAMS

Hunter. It's hopeless. You can't stop it all.

MATT

Rostov can.

ADAMS

If you can find him.

MATT

Nikko was always the one who kept Rostov in check...Now that he's dead I think there's a way to do it...

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DINGY BACKSTREET HOTEL - NIGHT

78

The hotel is grimy and falling apart. The street in front is deserted except for a BURNED OUT POLICE CAR and TWO OTHER BURNED OUT CARS.

ANGLE ON BLACK F.B.I. STEP VAN

as it rolls ominously to a stop down the street from the hotel. A SIX MAN F.B.I. SWAT TEAM scrambles out of the truck and moves quickly into the dark alley that runs alongside the hotel.

The SWAT TEAM members are dressed in navy blue military-style jumpsuits, bullet-proof vests and navy baseball type caps. They all carry AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

ANGLE ON HOTEL ROOF

as SIX MORE F.B.I. SWAT TEAM MEMBERS cross it and start down the FIRE ESCAPE that runs down the back of the building.

ANGLE ON TWO GOVERNMENT SEDANS

as they roll up across from the hotel. CASSIDY, JOHNSTON and HARPER get out of the first SEDAN. FOUR MORE F.B.I. AGENTS exit the second SEDAN. All are wearing bullet-proof vests and carrying SHOTGUNS and other weapons.

CASSIDY

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

The AGENTS move quickly into the hotel.

CUT TO:

79 INT. HOTEL- NIGHT - ON LOBBY

79

as the AGENTS move across it, heading for the stairs, surprising a GREASY DESK CLERK who has a PISTOL stuck in his pants.

HARPER points to the floor as he passes and THE CLERK hits the floor and covers his head with his hands.

THE AGENTS

move up the stairs.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. DINGY HOTEL - NIGHT - ON FIRE ESCAPE

80

as the SIX MAN SWAT TEAM takes up positions outside two windows covered by grimy yellow shades. WE HEAR a TV in the room.

CUT TO:

81 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - ON UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

81

as the AGENTS and members of the FIRST SWAT TEAM take up positions on either side of a door. WE HEAR a TV in the room.

TWO SWAT TEAM MEMBERS aim SHOTGUNS at the door hinges.

A THIRD MEMBER aims a shotgun at the lock.

The MEN wait for a beat. CASSIDY nods.

The MEN fire simultaneously, blowing out both hinges and the lock.

HARPER kicks the door in.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

82

MATT

is lying on the bed, watching TV. He is bare chested and holds a remote control channel changer in his hand.

THE DOOR crashes to the floor as TWO SWAT TEAM MEMBERS crash through the windows on the opposite side of the room, trapping him between them.

MATT does not move.

CASSIDY

steps through the doorway.

CASSIDY

We got ya.

MATT

calmly pushes the remote control button, turning the TV off.

ANGLE ON MATT

as HARPER snaps handcuffs on him and JOHNSTON puts leg irons on him. The OTHER AGENTS and SWAT TEAM MEMBERS stand guard.

CASSIDY

I don't know who you are...I don't know who you think you are...or who you're fightin' for...but it's people like you who turned this country upside down...Nobody, but nobody, is beyond the law.

The AGENTS hustle MATT away.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. DINGY HOTEL - NIGHT - ON ENTRANCE

83

where SWAT TEAM MEMBERS and AGENTS hold back a milling CROWD OF REPORTERS, TV NEWS CREWS and CITIZENS as CASSIDY exits.

REPORTER (O.S.)

How'd you find him?

CASSIDY

Anonymous tip.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

SECOND REPORTER (O.S.)
Is he a terrorist?

CASSIDY
Of sorts...

CASSIDY exits.

MATT

is hustled out by the AGENTS.

MAN IN CROWD (O.S.)
It's him! It's the vigilante!

The CROWD rumbles with excitement.

MCGUIRE

steps out of the crowd in front of MATT.

MCGUIRE
Smile, cowboy.

She snaps his picture at last.

CUT TO:

84 INT. APARTMENT - DAY - ON TELEVISION SET

84

NEWSCASTER
(continuing)
...and the three major networks issued
a joint statement today denying that
television coverage of terrorist
activities has in any way compounded
their effect. Critics charge that...

A HAND reaches into frame and turns the sound down.

DOLLY from FIRST TV across SECOND TV where ANOTHER
NEWS SHOW is in progress to a THIRD TV, where a
FEMALE NEWSCASTER is speaking.

The HAND turns up the volume.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
(continuing)
...and authorities in Greater Miami
last night arrested a suspected vigilante
wanted in the deaths of at least ten
alleged terrorists...

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

ANGLE ON THREE ATLANTA POLICE CARS

as they pull up in front of a large HOTEL in downtown Atlanta. The hotel is guarded by A DOZEN NATIONAL GUARDSMEN entrenched in sandbagged machinegun emplacements in front of the hotel.

In the b.g. at either end of the street WE SEE a DOUBLE BARRICADE of barbed wire and sandbags patrolled by TEN MORE GUARDSMEN.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
(continuing)

...The man, who has not yet been identified by authorities, was transferred under heavy security to an Atlanta hotel which has been converted into the temporary headquarters of the newly formed Southeast Military Assistance Command...

ANGLE ON MATT

as he exits the MIDDLE POLICE CAR, still handcuffed and in leg irons. SIX POLICEMEN surround him as they hustle him towards the hotel entrance.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
(continuing)

...where he is to be interrogated by both state and federal military and civilian agencies...

The HAND reaches INTO FRAME and turns the volume down.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL ROSTOV!

CUT TO:

85

EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - DAY - ON SKYLINE

85

AS THREE NATIONAL GUARD HUEY HELICOPTERS rise suddenly over the buildings and move out over the city, dropping BRIGHT RED LEAFLETS which float to the ground like giant bloody snowflakes.

MCGUIRE

snaps photos of the HELICOPTERS and LEAFLETS as they float to the ground around her.

ANGLE ON MCGUIRE

as she picks up a leaflet. It reads: "WARNING: CURFEW! A DUSK TO DAWN CURFEW IS IN EFFECT IMMEDIATELY! During the current state of emergency it is temporarily necessary to limit the free movement of civilians between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M."

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

ANGLE ON HOTEL ENTRANCE

as MCGUIRE approaches, photographing A TANK as it rumbles past.

WE WATCH from the distance as she starts to move past the sandbagged emplacements, but TWO M.P.'S block her path.

She shows them her press credentials and they check for her name on an "approval" list, then shake their heads.

MCGUIRE yells at them and ONE M.P. picks up a phone and speaks into it. He receives clearance for her and then motions her on in.

MCGUIRE hurries into the hotel.

CUT TO:

86 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - DAY - ON LOBBY

86

MCGUIRE

pushes her way through the MILLING REPORTERS, TV CREWS and MILITARY PERSONNEL who fill the lobby.

ARMED M.P.'S are stationed around the lobby and at the doors and elevators.

A DOOR

is thrown open suddenly and MATT is led out of a room by SIX GUARDSMEN. As they move towards the elevators the PRESS surges around them, shouting questions. MATT ignores them.

MCGUIRE

pushes her way to the front.

MCGUIRE

Hey, cowboy!

MATT turns to her as she catches up.

MATT

How goes the battle?

MCGUIRE

Maybe I should ask you.

THE GUARDSMEN hustle MATT into the waiting elevator.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86 *

MATT holds up his handcuffed wrists.

MATT
Looks like it's over.

MCGUIRE
Wanna bet?

She snaps his picture and smiles.

A TV REPORTER

pushes his way between them. A CAMERAMAN is right beside him.

REPORTER
Do you have anything you want to say?

MATT (to camera)
Yeah...Nikko was easy. You're next. One night you'll close your eyes and when they open I'll be there and it'll be "time to die"

86A INT. DARK ROOM - DAY - ON TV SET

CUT TO: 86A

tuned to the station airing the tape of MATT as ROSTOV angrily hurls the TV to the floor. He turns to TWO TERRS barely visible in the shadows.

ROSTOV
Bring them in. I want everyone here.

87

INT. ATLANTA ARMORED CAR COMPANY GARAGE - NIGHT

CUT TO: 87

A DOZEN ARMORED CARS are lined up in the underground garage. All bear the logo of the "Atlanta Armored Car Company". AN OLD SECURITY GUARD walks slowly past the TRUCKS, making his rounds.

ANGLE ON STEEL DOOR

as it is blown inwards by a powerful explosion.

ROSTOV

charges through the smoke into the garage, followed by SIX TERRS.

THE SECURITY GUARD

draws his PISTOL and fires shakily at the intruders.

ROSTOV fires back coolly, killing him.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED:

87 *

ANGLE ON DOOR

as THIRTY MORE TERRS pour through (LOOKING LIKE A HUNDRED). They fire on TWO MORE GUARDS and cut them down.

ANGLE ON TRUCKS

as ROSTOV directs the TERRS toward them.

The TERRS pile into the TRUCKS and the TRUCKS pull out one by one, leaving ROSTOV and EIGHT TERRS behind.

ROSTOV glances at his watch, then moves quickly towards the door, followed by the EIGHT TERRS.

88

CUT TO: 88

EXT. ATLANTA ARMORED CAR COMPANY - NIGHT-
ON GARAGE EXIT

as the FIRST TRUCK pulls out into the street, followed by the OTHER NINE. FIVE turn right. The OTHER FIVE turn left.

CUT TO: 89

89

EXT. AIRCRAFT HANGER - NIGHT - ON DOORS

as they are suddenly pulled open, revealing A NATIONAL GUARD HUEY HELICOPTER inside.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

as the engine starts and ROSTOV and EIGHT TERRS climb aboard.

THE HELICOPTER

rises quickly and moves off into the darkness.

90

CUT TO: 90

EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FIRST
BARRICADE

where the GUARDSMAN and M.P.'S are relaxing: smoking, joking and talking. The streets are quiet and deserted.

ANGLE ON FIRST ARMORED CAR

as it suddenly roars around a corner and CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE FIRST BARRICADE!

GUARDSMEN dive for cover as the TERRS shoot at them through the firing ports.

ANGLE ON FOUR MORE ARMORED CARS AND THREE OPEN TRUCKS

following the first. The TRUCKS are filled with TERRS.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON FIRST BARRICADE AT OPPOSITE END OF STREET

as the FIFTH ARMORED CAR suddenly crashes through it, sending the GUARDSMEN diving for cover as the TERRS inside fire out at them.

THE LAST FOUR ARMORED CARS AND THREE MORE OPEN TRUCKS

follow the FIFTH CAR. The TRUCKS are filled with TERRS.

ANGLE ON SECOND BARRICADE

as the FIRST CAR crashes through it, scattering the GUARDSMEN. The OTHER FOUR CARS and THREE TRUCKS follow.

ANGLE ON SECOND BARRICADE AT OPPOSITE END OF STREET

as the FIFTH CAR crashes through it, followed by the LAST FOUR CARS and THREE MORE TRUCKS.

GUARDSMEN

in the sandbagged positions in front of the hotel fire at the ARMORED CARS and TRUCKS as they race towards them, but have little effect.

THE M.P.'S

at the entrance dive for cover in the sandbagged emplacements as the TERRS fire back from the charging CARS and TRUCKS.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV'S HELICOPTER

as it roars onto view over the roof of an adjacent building and races towards the hotel roof.

ANGLE ON HOTEL ENTRANCE

as the ARMORED CARS pull up in front of it, forming an armored wall. TERRS continue to shoot through the gunports and GUARDSMEN fire back with no effect.

ANGLE ON HOTEL ROOF

as the HUEY sets down and ROSTOV and the EIGHT TERRS jump out. They run over to the access door and ROSTOV slaps a lump of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE on the lock and sets a short timer.

CONTINUED

* 90

CONTINUED:

90 *

ROSTOV and the TERRS take cover as the lock is blown.

THE DOOR

is blown open and ROSTOV charges inside, SMG at the ready. The EIGHT TERRS follow, similarly armed.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE TO HOTEL

as TERRS pour out of the CARS and TRUCKS. A number race into the hotel while the others take up positions guarding the perimeter and firing at the GUARDSMEN.

CUT TO:

91

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT - ON TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

91

as ROSTOV and the EIGHT TERRS burst out of the stairwell. TWO of them cover each of the first four rooms on either side of the hall as ROSTOV covers the seventh door.

91 CONTINUED:

91

ROSTOV nods and ONE MAN from each group kicks the door in, then flattens against the wall as the SECOND MAN from each group jumps into the open doorway and fires into the room.

ANGLE ON LOBBY

as the SEVENTY TERRS charge into it and open fire all around.

ANGLE ON TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

as the TERRS stop firing and stare into the rooms.

ANGLE ON FIRST ROOM -

it is bullet-riddled and empty.

ANGLE ON SECOND ROOM -

it is bullet-riddled and empty.

ANGLE ON LOBBY

as the TERRS suddenly stop firing. The lobby is bullet-riddled and empty. The TERRS are confused.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

as he turns from the empty room.

ROSTOV
(in Russian)
(That son of a bitch! It's a trap!)

CUT TO:

92 EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT

92

TWO TANKS

move towards one set of barricades, followed by TWO DOZEN GUARDSMEN.

ANGLE ON OTHER BARRICADES

as TWO MORE TANKS clank towards them, followed by TWO DOZEN MORE GUARDSMEN.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92 *

ANGLE ON ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM ENTRANCE

as A DOZEN GREEN BERETS take up position.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER ROOFTOP

as ANOTHER DOZEN GREEN BERETS take up position.

ANGLE ON STREET

where TWO PATROL JEEPS followed by TWO DOZEN MORE
GUARDSMEN move towards the hotel.

ANGLE ON HOTEL ROOF - ROSTOV

and the EIGHT TERRS start out the door towards the
helicopter.

ANGLE ON THE HUEY

which has been reduced to a burning wreck.

ROSTOV

and the TERRS react as they realize their means of
escape is gone.

ANGLE ON HUEY

as A MAN appears in front of the flames. WE can't make
him out at first. He carries a weapon that is part
submachinegun and part grenade launcher.

ANGLE ON THE MAN

as WE recognize MATT.

ROSTOV reacts.

MATT

MATT

Time to die.

He fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER and ROSTOV and the TERRS
dive for cover as the explosion rocks the rooftop,
killing TWO TERRS.

ROSTOV

and the surviving TERRS quickly retreat back down the
stair.

CONTINUED.

92

CONTINUED

92 *

MATT

quickly hooks onto a climbing rope that dangles over the edge of the roof and rappels down out of sight.

ANGLE ON SIDE OF HOTEL

as MATT rappels down two floors.

ANGLE ON HOTEL WINDOW

as MATT pushes away from the building to gain momentum, then crashes through the window into the room beyond

CUT TO:

93

Deleted

93 *

94

EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT - THE TERRS

94 *

run back out of the hotel towards the ARMORED CARS and TRUCKS and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AS THE MASSIVE MILITARY FORCE THAT HAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE HOTEL OPENS FIRE.

ANGLE ON TANKS

as they fire at the TERRS.

ANGLE ON MORE TANKS

as they fire at the TERRS

ANGLE ON ROOFTOP NUMBER ONE

as the DOZEN GREEN BERETS open up on the TERRS.

ANGLE ON ROOFTOP NUMBER TWO

as a DOZEN MORE GREEN BERETS open up on the TERRS.

ANGLE ON THREE NATIONAL GUARD ATTACK HELICOPTERS

as they blast into sight over the buildings and open up on the TERRS.

ANGLE ON TERRS

as they are shot down and blown up by overwhelming firepower as HUNDREDS of GUARDSMEN fire at once.

Some TERRS fire back, others scramble back into the ARMORED CARS and TRUCKS.

CUT TO:

* 95

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT - ON HALLWAY

113

*

as ROSTOV and the SIX TERRS. take up positions on either side of a door. In the b.g. WE SEE from the shattered doors that they have already searched a number of rooms, looking for MATT.

ROSTOV fires through the door, then kicks it open. There's no sign of MATT .

ROSTOV enters the room, followed by FOUR TERRS. TWO TERRS guard the door, watching the hall.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM

as ROSTOV kicks the door open and fires into it. It's empty.

ANGLE ON CLOSET

as TWO TERRS fire into it. They throw the doors open, but it's empty.

ANGLE ON HALL

as MATT steps out behind the TWO TERRS and cuts them down with a controlled burst.

96 EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT

96

AN ARMORED CAR

pulls away from the hotel and races back towards the barricades.

ANGLE ON TWO TANKS

as they fire at it.

ANGLE ON ARMORED CAR

as it is blown over on its side.

CUT TO:

97 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT -

97

TWO TERRS

move cautiously down the hallway, checking each room. MATT steps out behind the SECOND TERR and breaks his neck. He steps away and lets his body drop.

THE FIRST TERR

turns and sees the dead SECOND TERR. He starts to bend over him when MATT kicks him square in the face.

MATT follows through by grabbing the FIRST TERR by the scruff of the neck and ramming him head-first into the wall, smashing his skull.

MATT slips quickly away.

ROSTOV

moves carefully through another room.

THE LAST TWO TERRS

move out of a room through the hall and into another room.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT

98

A SECOND ARMORED CAR

pulls away from the small group of remaining TERRS who are still alive and races down the street.

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

ANGLE ON TANK

as the ARMORED CAR crashes right into it.

ANGLE ON GREEN BERETS

firing.

ANGLE ON TERRS

as more are killed. Only a very few remain.

CUT TO:

99

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT

99

MATT

approaches the connecting door between two rooms and starts to turn the knob.

ANGLE ON TWO TERRS

as they flatten against the wall on either side of the door in the adjoining room.

Suddenly MATT fires right through the wall with the launcher blowing the FIRST TERR away. The SECOND TERR starts to react as MATT fires through the wall a second time, killing him.

ANGLE ON DOOR

and two gaping holes in the wall on either side, as MATT opens the door and casually steps through.

ANGLE ON ROSTOV

moving slowly down the hallway. He hears something behind him and turns, firing. There's nothing there.

MATT (O.S.)

Now it's just you and me, Rostov.

ROSTOV fires at the sound of MATT's voice.

MATT (O.S.)

What's the matter? Getting jumpy?

ROSTOV fires again.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT

100

THE LAST TERRS

throw down their weapons and move out into the street,
raising their hands.

THE TANKS, JEEPS, GUARDSMEN AND GREEN BERETS

converge on them.

CUT TO:

101 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL- NIGHT

101

ROSTOV

moves along the hall pausing frequently to listen.
He is sweating. He hears nothing.

ROSTOV

Hunter!

There is no reply.

ROSTOV moves on .

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

as ROSTOV stops next to it and peers inside. He hears
something from the room across the hall and turns
and fires into it. There is no one there.

ROSTOV

turns back to the first room and MATT suddenly buttstrokes
him right across the face, knocking him off his feet
and sending his weapon flying out of his hands.

MATT

drops his weapon and goes after ROSTOV, catching him
with a kick to the face as he tries to get to his feet.

ROSTOV

drops to his knees, bent over double, and MATT closes in.

ROSTOV grabs MATT's knees, throwing him off balance
and knocking him back against the wall.

ROSTOV pulls on MATT's knees, dragging him to the floor.
He dives for MATT's throat and starts to choke him for
all he's worth.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MATT

drives both open palms against ROSTOV's ears, stunning him and loosening his grip.

MATT follows up with a punch to the face that knocks him back.

BOTH MEN

scramble to their feet. MATT attacks. ROSTOV tries to fight back, but he is no match for MATT's skill and fury.

MATT

tears into ROSTOV with a series of devastating kicks and punches.

ANGLE ON WALL

as MATT kicks ROSTOV into it and bounces him off of it.

ROSTOV falls to the floor right next to MATT's weapon.

As MATT moves in for the kill, ROSTOV grabs the weapon and turns it on MATT.

MATT grabs the weapon as ROSTOV squeezes the trigger and bullets pass an inch from his head.

MATT

catches ROSTOV in the side of the head with a vicious elbow strike and tears the weapon from his hands.

MATT

faces ROSTOV who is no more than five feet away. WE SEE him switch the weapon into the launcher mode.

MATT

Time to die.

He squeezes the trigger.

ROSTOV

IS HIT IN THE CHEST BY THE ROCKET AND THROWN BACK TEN FEET ALONG THE CORRIDOR. THE ROCKET EXPLODES AND BLASTS ROSTOV RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW IN FLAMES!!!

CUT TO:

102 EXT. ATLANTA HOTEL- NIGHT - ANGLE ON TOP FLOOR WINDOW 102
as ROSTOV IS BLOWN OUT OF IT, COMPLETELY ENGULFED IN
FLAMES.

As he tumbles towards the ground, the flames are
reflected in the mirrored windows of the hotel.

CUT TO:

103 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL - NIGHT 103
MATT

looks out the broken window at the remnants of the
battle. He turns and moves down the corridor, disappearing
into the smoke.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. ATLANTA - DAWN - THE SUN 104
is rising majestically over the quiet city as A TITLE
CARD FADES UP

TITLE CARD

The Battle of Atlanta destroyed the
core of the terrorist army and calm
finally returned to the nation, ending
a reign of terror that shook the Republic
to its very foundations...

FADES OUT.

ROLL TAIL CREDITS.